HEROIC DEEDS

OF NOBLE MASTER MASONS

DURING THE CIVIL WAR

BY JACOB JEWELL

HEROIC DEEDS

OF

NOBLE MASTER MASONS

DURING

THE CIVIL WAR

FROM

1861 TO 1865

IN THE U. S. A.

BY

JACOB JEWELL, PUEBLO, COLORADO

LATE CO I, 85TH REGT. OHIO INFT. VOL.
AND 1ST SERGT. CO. F, 125TH REGT.
OHIO. INFT. VOL.

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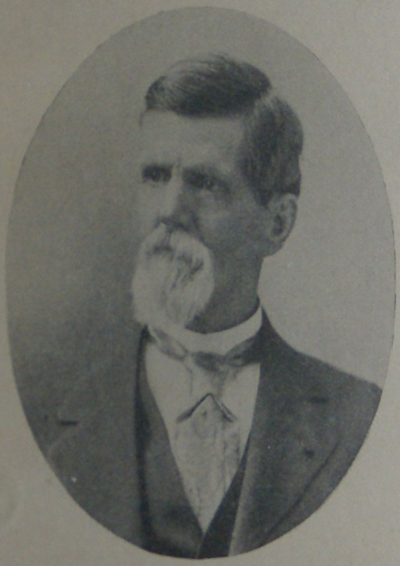
J. JEWELL 1862



J. JEWELL 1916

ABBREVIATION FOR EACH STATE IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. Ala., Alabama
2. Ariz., Arizona
3. Ark., Arkansas
4. Calif., California
5. Colo., Colorado
6. Conn., Connecticut
7. Del., Delaware
8. Fla., Florida
9. Ga., Georgia
10. Ida., Idaho
11. Ill., Illinois
12. Ind., Indiana
13. Ia., Iowa
14. Kans., Kansas
15. Ky., Kentucky
16. La., Louisiana
17. Me., Maine
18. Md., Maryland
19. Mass., Massachusetts
20. Mich., Michigan
21. Minn., Minnesota
22. Miss., Mississippi
23. Mo., Missouri
24. Mont., Montana
25. Neb., Nebraska
26. Nev., Nevada
27. N. H., New Hampshire
28. N. J., New Jersey
29. N. Mex., New Mexico
30. N. Y., New York
31. N. C., North Carolina
32. N. Dak., North Dakota
33. O., Ohio
34. Okla., Oklahoma
35. Ore., Oregon
36. Pa., Pennsylvania
37. R. I., Rhode Island
38. S. C., South Carolina
39. S. Dak., South Dakota
40. Tenn., Tennessee
41. Tex., Texas
42. Ut., Utah
43. Vt., Vermont
44. Va., Virginia
45. W. Va., West Virginia
46. Wash., Washington
47. Wis., Wisconsin
48. Wy., Wyoming

PREFACE.

There are many instances, both personal and known by others, outside of our order, which would add interest to what is herein written, but it is deemed wise to exclude all except such as relate directly to the object for which the work was intended, and the best efforts have been given to this particular part, that in no way can it be viewed, so the contents may be deemed sectional, which would destroy one of the principal objects of the work or record.

Since beginning the work, additions to what was originally intended have been added, and other valuable material of wisdom have presented themselves, but the completion of the work has already been delayed by causes which could not be avoided, and it must be said, it is finished.

If any brother or other person can forward to me other instances, such as are here recorded, they shall be placed in supplement and become a part of the work. This will aid in placing these masonic gems where they "shall not be forever lost," for I have briefly given to my brother my solemn condemnation of that which is wrong, standing by and defending right and the God given wisdom and beauties of masonry, as He gives me to see the right.

THE AUTHOR,
Pueblo, Colorado

May, 1916.

HEROIC DEEDS

IN 1864 a small party of Federal soldiers were out on a skirmish near Richmond, Va. They were suddenly surrounded and captured by the Confederates; taken to the city, tried, convicted as being spies, and were to be hung as such, the next morning at sun-rise.

They were separated, and one of the number was placed in the basement of a building. Looking out through a small window, he called to a gentleman passing and inquired if he knew any masons in the city of Richmond. He replied that he did, a number of them.

The prisoner tore a leaf from his diary, wrote thereon a brief message, handed it to the stranger, requesting that he deliver it to some good mason. Soon thereafter, a large gentleman of fine appearance, no less a person than a brother to the Confederate, General Joseph E. Johnson, and one of the noted attorneys of the state of Virginia, descended to the cellar and said to the prisoner. "My boy," for he really was but a boy in experience, "if you ever told the truth in your life, tell it now." The soldier replied, "Sir, I am convicted and am to be hung as a spy. But, sir, I am not a spy. I am a prisoner of war, and demand protection as such. I give you my company and regiment, and if you do not find me to be an honorable United States soldier, then sir, you are at liberty to hang me. But if I am a Federal prisoner of war, I call upon you to protect my life."

After a little further examination, the Judge said to the soldier, "Well, my Brother, the commanding general says he has you and will hang you tomorrow morn-

ing. You have the Confederate army against you and the Masonic Fraternity of Richmond for you, and we shall see what can be done for you."

The next morning a guard appeared and took him to the headquarters of a General, who propounded some questions, easily answered, wrote a brief note, handed it to the guard with the order, "Take the prisoner to General ———— for examination," where about the same questions were asked and answers given as before. This was repeated three or four times, (a part of the plan), and it was noticed by the soldier that his guard was always a mason.

Finally he was taken to the depot, placed in the caboose of a freight train, and taken a short distance out of the city where he was changed to another train. Still his guard, being a mason, with whom he made repeated efforts to converse, but all the reply he could receive was, "Just be quiet, sir."

In a short time the train stopped, and the guard said to the soldier, "Follow me, sir," and they stepped to the platform, the guard going toward the head of the train. Going but a short distance, the guard pointed in a certain direction toward the timber, saying, "Do you see that thick bunch of timber?" The prisoner replied, "I do." "Well, sir, the yankee line is right in that direction," and placing his trusty rifle at a right shoulder shift, marched on in the direction the train was headed, the prisoner, or now a soldier, following the line as near as possible, indicated by his brother, never looking back, and within a mile, was halted by the Federal pickets.

This incident was related in my presence at a meeting of the Lodge at Cardington, Grand Jurisdiction of Ohio, about twenty years after the war, by the soldier

himself, while acting as Assistant Grand Lecturer of that state, and added that nothing could have saved his life, except the assistance of these brethren.

In the year 1890, George W. Sandusky, late Co. K, 1st Regt., Ky. Cav. Vol., at the time, S. W. of Horace Lodge, Grand Jurisdiction of the state of Kansas, gave me this instance:

He said, "I was young and very loyal in 1861, and at once enlisted in the Union or Federal army.

"We had hard service, which was very hard on me, and I soon became very ill. In a little battle I was taken prisoner. My feelings toward the Confederates were so bitter that it was my intention to die, before I would reveal myself as a mason.

"My condition became so serious, however, that I was quite sure I would live but a short time, and when the surgeon called on me in the morning, believing him to be a mason, I spoke to him as such, and he replied to me, 'My boy, why did you not tell me this before? Do you not know you are about to die?' I said to him, 'Yes, major, I do, but I am too loyal to my country and I intended to die rather than reveal myself, but I was driven to do so.' Then the major gave me a real lecture, such as I had never had before, and before he had concluded, I was sure I would always in the future, have better possession of myself.

"He went out in the little city, found a lady who would care for me at her house. He had me placed in a comfortable room and in a good bed, where he attended me every day, directing the lady to care for me well, and he would see that the bill was paid.

"The lady did care for me well. I soon improved rapidly and it was not long until I was well, was soon

exchanged and returned to my company, and finally discharged."

This soldier returned to his home, lived an honorable life and was a faithful, upright mason until his death, and was buried by his lodge.

He further stated that he did not believe it possible for him to have lived, had this kind brother not extended to him the assistance, which he so freely gave.

Brother L. J. Williams, of Harvard, New York, member of Doransville Lodge No. 464, and while serving as a member of the 114th Regt. N. Y. Inft. Vol., was taken prisoner near Savannah, Ga.

He had received the first and second degrees, only. While confined in prison, he communicated with his friends in New York, which resulted in the proper communication between the officials of his lodge in New York, and those of Zerubbabel Lodge at Savannah, Ga.

In due time, the proper order from the New York lodge was given, requesting the brethren of Savannah lodge to favor their northern brethren, and confer upon Brother Williams, the third degree.

One night he was taken from his prison and conducted to the Savannah lodge room.

It was a remarkable occasion. He wore his soiled and tattered blue uniform, a token of his sympathy with the cause of the north or his Union.

He was surrounded by men who wore the gray. All the chairs were occupied by Confederate officers. They were on opposite sides in a struggle to the death, but they were brethren.

Then and there he was made a master mason, and declared a friend and brother of his enemies.

But the more significant feature of the incident

was the fact, that on the same night, he escaped from the prison and rejoined his comrades of the north.

In red ink, on the same page that records the fact that the degree was there conferred upon him, is the brief annotation: "On this night Brother Williams escaped from prison."

When asked about his escape, he always smiled and said:

"You may put it down as an escape, but it was not an escape, strictly speaking, for on that night some men came to my prison; they put me in a boat and conveyed me some distance. Then they deposited me on neutral soil, between the lines. From there I found my way back to my friends. Who my rescuers were I never learned. It is their own secret and it has never been disclosed. But in my own mind I know exactly to whom I may attribute the "escape" in question. His name is * * *."

This was accomplished through the Grand Masters of the States of New York and Georgia, and it is not shown that his captors even requested him to "go and sin no more."

This instance was mailed to me by a brother, with other instances, for record.

Hillsboro, Ill., Aug. 3, 1914.

Abner Moore, Police Magistrate, Hillsboro, Ill., who served in the 97th Regt. Pa. Inft. Vol., relates his experience as follows:

"I enlisted in the Union Army in 1861, being scarcely 21 years of age, therefore had not the opportunity to become a member of the masonic order.

During my service, however, I saw what I believed to be great good done by those who were masons, and

for that reason, I decided to become a mason, if spared to return home, and as soon as I could, believing it to be my duty to do so, I obeyed my convictions of duty.

Fraternally yours,

ABNER MOORE.

Hillsboro, Ill.

Aug. 6, 1914.

Dr. I. M. Asbury, commander McLeonsboro Post No. 483, Dept. of Ill., G. A. R., McLeonsboro, Ill., relates the following:

Lieut. R. L. Meador, Co. A, 87th Regt. Ill. Inft. Vol., while on picket with his company before a small town in La., in 1864, by agreement, met a rebel captain between the lines. They found themselves to be brother masons, and it was agreed to meet again at a certain time, between the lines, when the rebel was to bring a brother with him.

On time, the three met, the two rebel officers escorting the Yankee officer into the town and to the Masonic Hall, where the brethren were to hold a meeting that night. They met, all wearing "side arms," which all veteran brethren will realize was absolutely necessary.

This Yankee captain was safely conducted inside the enemy's lines and into their lodge room; had a pleasant and profitable meeting, and as safely returned to the place from whence he came. At the time the brother was a member of McLeonsboro Lodge No. 137, A. F. & A. M.

"How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together," with such brethren. How much more blessed to give than to receive.

McLeonsboro, Ill., Aug. 6, 1914.

The following was also related by Dr. I. M. Asbury, of McLeonsboro, Ill.:

During the spring and summer of 1862, the 6th Regt. Ill. Cav. Vol., operated in detachments against the Guerrillas, from Memphis, Tenn., up to the Ohio River, and fought them so hard and so baffled them, that they resolved to kill all prisoners belonging to that regiment.

In Sept. 1862, Sugt. John Webb, of Co. H, of the 6th Regt., member of Lodge No. 137, A. F. & A. M., McLeonsboro, Ill., while attempting to return to his home, was captured on a steamer, on the Ohio River, with all on board.

He was marched a few miles from the river, searched and in his boots, two watches, two pocketbooks, and other articles, which he was taking to the homes of some of his comrades, were taken from him. Fortunately, Comrade Webb had in his pocket, a masonic certificate, which the captain of the Guerrillas found, and he being a mason, at once detailed an escort, and under flag of truce, safely conducted Brother Webb to the Yankee lines.

This is a strange case, as this class of soldiers were supposed to take no prisoners, and by many of the regular Confederate soldiers, were not, in reality, considered a part of their army. But note: when searching for other things, this certificate was found. The case was concluded and at once a decision rendered, and Brother Webb safely returned to his family and friends.

Charleston, S. C., June 6, 1914.

Thomas ————, commander of Camp Sumpter, N. C. V. No. 250, King St., says:

"I was captured on May 28, 1864, in a fight between General Hampton and General Sherman, and after the Union soldiers had collected the prisoners, near the old Salem church on the Penunky River, one of their men came up and rather singled me out and asked me so many questions about the fight, our army, and other things, as to rather try my patience.

"Finally, as I was turning away from him, he observed, 'Captain, you are not a mason,' which led me to suppose that his persistence was not from idle curiosity, but from a desire to discover if there were any bond of fraternity between us.

"So, after my exchange, I returned home and did become a member of the masonic fraternity, but have never had an opportunity of meeting a member of the fraternity on the other side."

Prior to 1861 this brother could not have believed that in so strange a manner, this northern Union soldier, could lead him to the star in the east, yet he did, and clear out of the dark valley. I regret the last part of this brother's name, in some way was lost.

Brother Jamison Moore, 12th West 5th Street, Oklahoma City, Okla., says:

"I was a member of Co. K, 8th Regt. Ark. Inft. Vol., first Ark. Brig. Cleburn's Divis. Hardee's Corps. Army of the Tenn. C. S. A.

"Our brigade had what we called a 'Traveling Lodge of Masons,' authorized by the Grand Lodge of Arkansas, about September, 1864. During the fall of Atlanta, our brigade was ordered out to meet Sherman's flank movement, and a fearful battle was the result, at Jamesboro, twenty miles south of Atlanta, Ga.

"It was Gen. Jeff C. Davis' Corps of Union soldiers

who were hurled against our brigade, and the numbers were so overwhelming, that they rolled over our weak line like big waves of the ocean, and almost all our brigade—about 2,200, officers and men, were captured.

"We were held in Atlanta only a few days. There seemed to be a temporary armistice. We were soon sent by rail to Nashville, Tenn. It was arranged between Gen. Hood, Confederate Commander, and Gen. Sherman, to exchange our brigade, man for man, and we were ordered back to Atlanta. On returning us there, we were only allowed one cracker and a half per day, rations.

"The railroad line from Atlanta to Lanesville, Ky., was so long, (about 470 miles) that the Confederate cavalry had played smash with the supplies.

"The Union soldiers, for a while, received but a cracker and a half daily, and we were all hungry, very hungry. A cracker was worth $5.00, but every one was too hungry to sell. You could hear it everywhere, by both 'Feds' and 'Confeds,' 'A cracker, a cracker, a dollar for a cracker.'

"We were held in this condition for three or four days, then placed on a train to be sent to our out-post at the station 'Rough and Ready,' not far from Atlanta.

"It being the fall of the Presidential election, the Lincoln and McClelland campaign 'was on.'

"We were halted at the depot, where a great host of jolly Union soldiers were collected; some cheering for Lincoln, some for McClelland, mostly for Lincoln. They were lively and cheerful, though, like us, very hungry.

"Now you are prepared for my masonic observation:

"I noticed two nice young Federals come to the

door of our freight car—we were all in such cars; Sergt. Porter and Jim Wortham, of our company, gave them their haversacks. I tried my level best to get them to take mine, but they dashed through the dense crowd of Federals and were gone about fifteen minutes. They came back running and handed Porter and Wortham their haversacks, nearly full of pieces of crackers, about the size of the thumb nail.

"You can imagine how precious food was and how deep must have been the tender contribution of these noble brethren. Yes; God bless them, brethren.

"Those two brothers went from tent to tent, soliciting only a piece of a cracker, the size of a dime. I can almost see them yet, cheerfully reaching for their haversacks and pinching off the mere mite, to relieve the gnawing hunger of a Confederate brother.

"I was so hungry I cried, but Sergt. Porter told me not to cry, that he would divide with me as soon as he could get me aside from the others, which he did.

"I was only nineteen and small for my age, and Sergeant Porter was like a father to me.

"A few days after I said to Sergt. Porter, 'I do not wonder at the two Federals taking your haversacks, because you are of so good appearance, but why they would take Jim Wortham's, a great big, gawky, uncouth looking sort of a fellow, and refuse mine, a pleading boy, I cannot understand.'

"He said to me, that I was too young to understand, and then said to me that he and Wortham were the only masons in our company (K).

"It is not to be wondered that I then determined to become a mason as soon as my age would permit, and in 1866 I became a mason, and since have served as Master and High Priest of my Chapter, and can fully

realize what noble sentiments prompted those Federal brethren to spare a pinch of a cracker, when it was so precious to them, even a small crumb.

"Your book will surely be interesting and timely.

"Fraternally yours,

"JAMERSON MOORE."

Such deeds, given by this brother, warm our hearts and bind us with a living tie.

Kankakee, Ill., July 31, 1914.

Mr. Hunter, late Co. H, 76th Regt. Ill. Inft. Vol., Police Magistrate and Justice of the Peace at Kankakee, says:

"I was taken prisoner on the Red River, during Gen. Bank's campaign in 1864.

"There were thirteen of us, and all were captured near a small town.

"I was the only mason among them, and I had a horse to ride, the others were compelled to walk.

"I felt justified in using a little ingenuity, and told the Confederate Captain that Gen. Banks had a thousand men secreted, with seven-shooters (knowing how they feared them), and that they never took any prisoners, and you had better parole us fellows.

"The Captain took this with the usual allowance and treated us badly for a day. Then as they were cavalry and we on foot and our cavalry after them, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, May 11, 1864, we were parolled and sent to Alexander, La., that night.

"The Captain's best girl lived in Alexander, and he requested me to take a letter to her, which I willingly did, safely delivering the letter to her in Alexander.

"She was somewhat suspicious at first, but upon receiving the letter from the captain, she was delighted

to hear from him and made it very pleasant for me, the three days I remained in the town of Alexander.

"After the war, I corresponded with this Captain, and during the World's Fair at Chicago, it so happened that I was on the Federal Grand Jury in Chicago, and at my hotel, I met a man and his wife from Alexander, who informed me that they knew the Captain and his wife very well, and that they intended to attend the fair, but concluding that it would be very difficult to obtain hotel accommodations, they did not come.

"I at once wrote the Captain, informing him that I had secured a good room, suitable for him and his wife, which I would be pleased to have him accept.

"They came without delay and when we met in the corridor of the hotel, if you ever saw two brothers and sisters meet after having been separated twenty years, you can imagine, in a degree, how we conducted ourselves. I thought I was to be smothered with caresses. Such a meeting and visit as we had, but few in the world are permitted to enjoy. Sometimes, however, there is a sad parting or separation, as in this case, for they are now both numbered with those gone before.

"Again; at or near Hotchie, Tenn., our division took fifteen hundred prisoners, and our regiment guarded them at Bolliver, Tenn.

"I took three master masons from among the prisoners, took them to the hotel, sent for their families, (who were not far distant), and we all had dinner together, which was very pleasant for all parties.

"The next day the prisoners were all taken to prison at Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill.

"I found a great many masons during the Civil War, and spent six months since, in the state of Texas;

visited twenty-six of the largest cities in the state and attended a meeting in each one of these cities.

"These brethren, south, are very friendly as masons, and there are no lodges that can excell them for fraternalism.

"We have a nice temple here of our own, and I am thankful to be able to attend lodge and the commandery meetings. "Fraternally yours,

"M. D. HUNTER,
Police Magistrate, Kankakee, Ill."

Adamsville, Ga., June 23, 1914.

J. P. Kinman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Ga. Cav. Brig., Adamsville, Ga., says:

"Of my own personal knowledge, I saw great kindness or favors shown to some of my comrades in prison at Louisville, Ky., in April, 1863, and especially to one of my company, who was a mason and in prison.

"I made up my mind to offer myself a candidate at the first opportunity, but when I returned to my home, I found our country in poverty, as we were in the line of Gen. Sherman's march or campaign from Chattanooga to the sea, and it required two and a half years to get to where I could spare the fee necessary to become a member of the order.

"One incident occurred on the farm adjoining mine. On May 24, 1864, when the Federal army reached the farm of Mr. George Stewart, the house was being pillaged, when Mr. Stewart spread a masonic apron upon the bed, a few minutes later, the house was cleared of all soldiers; a guard was stationed at the door, and all was quiet and peaceable.

"This, Mr. Stewart related to me, after I became a mason. Other similar instances took place in my vi-

cinity, but the parties were elderly men and have all passed over the river.

"I was a member of Co. I, 1st Regt. Ga. Cav. Vol. and served under Gen. Wheeler.

"Fraternally yours,

"J. P. KINMAN."

Gen. Wheeler was a very able General through the whole Civil war, and later, during the Spanish-American war, did valuable service as a general in the United States army.

"Springfield, Mo., June 22, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"I received yours of June 1st, and without delay, will hasten to give you a few points.

"I am a master mason, served in the Confederate service, belonging to Gen. Sterling Price's Body Guard, of which I never ceased to be proud.

"My experience taught me that masons of the pure type did more to protect the brother mason than any other means known, and I have learned that the mason who disregarded his obligation to a brother mason has never been better than the beasts of the field.

"Masons, true masons, saved the life of many good men during our war.

"I am sure I would not have lived through that war but for the protection of masons.

"Hoping this may serve some beneficial purpose to your wise work, I am,

"Fraternally yours,

"JAMES WARDEN,

"315 E. Mt. Vernon St., Springfield, Mo."

"Rock Island, Ill., Aug. 11, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"My Dear Sir and Brother:

"In reply to your letter of late date, which was handed to me by the Adjutant of our post, allow me to say:

"While I was not a mason until after the war, from my own knowledge of events, I believe there was more fraternity then, even between enemies, than there is today among members of the same lodges.

"I shall cite you to a case which was related to me by my own brother, John McConochie of my Company B, 20th Regt. Ill. Vet. Vol. Inft.

"We were in Ligget's Divis.—— Corps, at the battle of Atlanta, when Gen. Hood's great movement around our left was checked, but not until my brother's regiment, brigade and most of his division were captured and sent to Andersonville Prison, Ga.

"When Gen. Sherman started on his march to the sea, threatening Andersonville, they were changed several times, to prevent capture, to Millen, Blacksheve, and to Charleston.

"At one of these places, which was the last he was in before he was released, he, like prisoners who were in such misery, was continually trying to make himself known to Confederate officers or those in authority, who, he believed, might be masons.

"As a result, my brother came into communication with a Confederate surgeon, who was not only a mason, but a Scotchman, which we were also. The result was, he was detailed and placed in a 'squad,' who went out into the woods to gather wood for the prison, (anything was a relief from these places we called 'Hell-Holes'),

besides the crumbs they might gather, such as herries or anything not found in the stockade, and this task was daily.

"It seemed to be the policy of the Confederates or the authorities at that time, to allow no prisoners to be parolled who were in a condition to ever be again returned to the ranks.

"So none who were likely to live very long, were allowed to pass the scrutiny of the surgeon.

"My brother was trying to pass through by his masonic brother, when a gruff surgeon forced him back, but the masonic surgeon, true to that which binds, said, 'No; this is a very sick man and must pass,' which he did and saved his life.

"My brother related this to me as a mason, saying there was no question or doubt of the fact, that this Confederate surgeon, who was of a truth, a true brother, saved his life, permitting him to return to his home and family.

"When we captured Fort Gibson on the Vicksburg campaign, coming into town after dark and camping on the sidewalks, the boys began to boost each other up until they got into the third story of a building, which was a masonic hall, and soon appeared dressed in the paraphernalia of the lodge, with its jewels.

"It was surprising to see the number of masons in our ranks, and equally so, to see in how short a time, the articles were all safely collected and returned to the place from whence they came, and so far as I could see, unharmed.

"Fraternally and in F. C. & L.,

"WM. McCONOCHIE,

"Rock Island, Ill."

"Greenville, Ga., Sept. 9, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell, Atty.,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir:

"Replying to yours as to the aid of masonic brethren during the war, 1861-1865, we had a man in our company who, at the battle of the Wilderness, had both eyes shot out, and was on the battle-field, left for dead.

"The enemy, the Federals, got possession of the woods where he was left, and two soldiers were looking over the ground to see what they could find and came across this soldier.

"They talked with him a while and he insisted that they take him out where he could receive assistance, but they told him they believed he would die, and it was useless for them to bother themselves with him.

"After they had passed by a little ways, he made himself known as a mason, and they at once returned; took him to their hospital, where he was well cared for, got well, and returned to his home and friends.

"He lived several years, but was always blind. His name was J. C. Allen, Co. B. 8th Regt. Ga. Vol. Inft. Anderson's Brig., Hood's Div., Longstreet's Corps, Army Northern Va.

"Yours fraternally,

"S. H. CULPEPPER,

"Clerk Superior Court, Greenville, Ga."

"Corrinth, Miss., Sept. 8, 1914.

"J. Jewell, Atty.,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir:

"Yours received, and in reply say: I received the degree of a master mason in April, 1861; was a soldier

in the C. S. A. army under Gen. R. E. Lee for four years.

"I was wounded at Antietom, Va., and taken prisoner.

"I met with a lady who had taken the Daughters' Degree, I having taken that degree with my mother and sister; this good woman extended to me care and benefits that I shall never forget.

"I regret that I am unable to recall her name.

"At the battle of South Mountain, Va., when we were obstructing the advance of Gen. Hancock, on the night of Sept. 14, 1862, in the heat of the battle, I heard a brother on the Federal side in distress, calling for help. But the chances of losing my life were too great, greater than those of saving his, and I could not give the help.

"I am also a Royal Arch Mason.

"The soldiers of the south have largely been transferred to the 'bivouac beyond the mystic river, where they rest beneath the abode of the hearse.'

"I am now 75 years old; was a major in the Confederate army, and belonged to the 2nd Miss. Regt., Hill's Corps.

"Fraternally yours,

"G. W. BYNUM,
"Corrinth, Miss."

"Dodge City, Kan., Sept. 11, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell,
"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"Your letter was handed to me by the Commander of our Post, Grand Army of the Republic.

"I was not a mason during the war, but what I saw

there of masonry, induced me to join the beneficient order, and I was made a mason in 1866, the year after the war closed, and am also a member of the Royal Arch chapter and the Commandery.

"I was a prisoner of war for four months, in the prison at Danville, Va., and I saw there what the order did for a brother, as several of those who were masons, were treated much better than others; they were taken out of the prison on their word as a mason, that they would not attempt to escape—most of the Confederate officers being masons, and they faithfully observed their vows.

"It may be as well that I was not a mason at the time, as I escaped from the prison and safely made my way to our lines at Newbourne, N. C.

"I am yours fraternally,

"J. L. HINLEY.

"Late Co. L, 2nd Regt. Mass. Cav. Vol."

Capt. David Raker, Co. D, 16th Regt. Mo. Vol. Inft., Confederate Army, who was sheriff of Johnson County, Mo., about in 1880, related to me the following: He said:

"Our army was following the Federals under Gen. Banks, on their retreat from the Red River Campaign, and we were driving and pressing them back. Some of us expected them to surrender, as we greatly outnumbered them.

"One day our brigade was in front, and had a lively fight all day with their rear guard. We had orders to charge them as soon as we learned they had halted for the night.

"As soon as they halted, we rapidly formed line of

battle and charged their lines, which easily gave way, in fact, fled before us.

"We kept up the charge for half a mile or more, and I, being fleet on foot, soon found myself in advance, and all at once, I saw all running back. I followed, making good time.

"I saw some Federals on an elevation to our left, within firing distance, commanding us to halt. I thought it strange that they did not fire, but I kept my pace toward the rear, keeping my eye on them until immediately in my front came the command, 'halt.'

"There, a few rods in front, was a line of Federal infantry, in the grass, lying flat on the ground. A dozen or two had their guns pointed at me, and I thought I never did see such large calibered guns before,—I thought I could see the balls in their guns and I said, 'Boys, I will halt.'

"It was a real 'Yankee trick.' They had learned that we intended to charge them. They received orders that if we charged in force, to give way and go to the rear on the run, which they did. At the same time they had a brigade stationed on each side, with orders that if our brigade charged through, to close the gap in rear of us, which was successfully done, and our command was all captured, including officers.

"We were taken to the Federal camp, and as we had driven them and pressed them so hard, I expected to find them a forlorn body of soldiers. But to my surprise, they were preparing their supper, not knowing what had taken place out with their rear guard, and were the most joyful body of soldiers I had ever met.

"While I hoped I might find a brother among the officers, I was still further surprised to find numbers of

masons, both among the officers and men, who greeted me with an unmistakable brotherly tie.

"I could smell the good coffee, of which they had plenty. A soldier shook me by the hand and said, 'Captain, have you had any coffee lately,' and I said, 'Sir, it has been about a year and a half, and the last I had cost me ten cents per grain, as near as I could estimate.' And he said to me, 'You will take supper with me.' I replied, 'My boy, I do not desire to impose on you,' but he laughed and said, 'You shall dine with me and have all the coffee you want.' So I took supper with the soldier, and I do not know as I ever enjoyed a meal better.

"We were at a small town and I learned that the Federals intended to stay there for a while. Next morning I called on the officer of the day, whom I found to be a mason. I informed him that I had friends in the town, and I would deem it a great favor if he could send a guard with me to visit my friends.

"He replied, 'Brother Raker, all I want is that you report here every morning. Upon your honor, will you do that?' 'Sir,' I replied, 'before I would violate that trust, I would lose this right arm.' He said, 'Go where you please captain, report here every morning.'

"I was never before so impressed. These were the 'down eastern' troops, whom I had been taught to despise, and I had found myself among friends and brethren, as good and true as I had ever met, and I say, Brother Jewell, I never had the fight in me after that, that I had before."

Brother Raker was a mason, whom I personally knew very well, and he was one of those, such as may always be trusted in any way. If the destinies of na-

tions were left to such men and brethren, how soon all wars would cease.

He was sheriff of Johnson County, Mo., two terms.

Pueblo, Colo., March 10, 1915.

Judge Robert A. Holt, whose office is in the Central Block, Pueblo, Colo., relates to me his experience as follows:

"My home was at Louisville, Ill., during the Civil War, and I was not in the service.

"In the fall of 1865 my wife and I visited western Missouri, stopping at Pleasant Hill. Being there about two weeks, I left my wife at our boarding house, employed an elderly gentleman with his horse and buggy, to take me to Bates County, south of Pleasant Hill, to visit that part of the state.

"Providing ourselves with a good supply of provisions, we started early in the morning and traveled all day over the beautiful prairie, but the county had been devastated, houses and barns everywhere having been burned, and but few remaining. We traveled until one o'clock in the morning, before a stopping place was found. But finally we came to a two-story residence, southeast of what had been Butler, Mo.

"My partner 'larrietted' his horse out to the grass, of which there was plenty, and I went into the house. When I stepped on the porch, the voice of a lady called out, 'Who is there?'

"I replied, 'A stranger who desires to rest and sleep on your porch until morning, and fear no danger, we are friends.' She opened the door and invited us to a bed in the house, and before I retired, she inquired my name and where I was from. She and her daughter then informed me that there were bands of robbers and

murderers in every part of that country, and the robbing and killing being done, was beyond description.

"I did not rest much the balance of the night, and early the next morning I brought from the buggy the basket of good things, and we all had a good breakfast. We bade them good-bye, and the lady said, 'I hope you will return with your lives, but I fear not, as two of our friends, (or family, I cannot now remember which) were shot dead there in this yard a night or two ago.'

"We started early on our return to Pleasant Hill, and had gone but a short distance, it being then about sunrise, when we were halted by six men, in a small ravine, who beckoned us to advance. My companion made an attempt to escape, but I leveled my gun, and said, 'Don't you move, sir,' knowing that would be fatal.

"The men were in line, well armed with guns and pistols, and by no means a pleasant appearing body of men. We drove up to them, and apparently their captain, asked me my name, where I was from, if I had been in the Civil War, and my business in that part of the county. I answered all his questions, saying I was a young attorney from Louisville, Ill.; that during the time of the war I was superintendent of public schools and not in the war, and considering the war over, I had come there to take a look at the country.

"He gave me to understand that he did not believe a word I said, considering the surrounding conditions. He asked me if I had any evidence in proof of my statement, and I told him I had a book containing papers, which I believed would be satisfactory to him, handing him the book. They examined my papers, which was proof that I had been at Louisville, Ill., during the whole time of the war.

"They discussed the matter, however, whether we should be shot or not, and I could overhear some insisting that we should be killed, as dead men did not return to Pleasant Hill with reports. They took a ballot, and it was three against three, resulting in some little commotion, and I believed the time had come when something must be done.

"I gave the captain to understand who I was, and I at once was recognized by him, and he said to his men, that all proceeding would now cease. He stepped up to me, shook hands with me as a brother mason, expressed his hope that I would safely return to my wife at Pleasant Hill.

"I got into the buggy with the old gentleman, and 'straight-way' drove to Pleasant Hill, arriving there safely without further interruption.

"It was considered by all to be a wonder that we escaped with our lives, and I consider this the most remarkable of all my experience, and but for that one thing, I would not now be relating the story to you."

Judge Holt is 78 years of age, was Judge of the court many years, and a very able and reliable Judge and brother mason.

"Greenville, Ala., Sept. 2, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"Your communication received, and I am reminded that when the Federal troops came to our city, that some of them were told by our negroes that I was a Confederate Guerrilla, and pointed out to them where my father had buried a box of dishes at the plantation, four miles out of the city.

"When they broke open the box and found one of my uniforms, as 1st Lieut. in Co. B, 17th Regt. Ala. Vol., they burned them and broke up all the wagons; killed hogs and chickens; took all the stock, and returned to the city intending to destroy our house.

"But the commander of the forces had learned by this time that my father was a mason, and he placed guards all around our house, everything was protected, and at once everything became as quiet, as if no Federal army had been camped in our midst.

"I was in prison at Johnson's Island, Ohio, at this time, having been captured Jan. 15, 1865, but my father told me of the instance upon my return home.

"I am fraternally yours,

"W. T. BYNUM,
"Greenville, Ala."

"Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 11, 1914.

"J. Jewell,
"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"Yours received and will state, that I was not a mason during the war, but while stationed at Cold Harbor, Va., in 1864, the Federal army charged our lines, late one afternoon and were repulsed with severe losses.

"That night there was much suffering among the wounded, and one attracted my attention by the exclamations of his calls for help, all of which I did not understand, but his words remained with me until I became a mason.

"S. H. Dean, a member of my company, Co. B, 13th Regt. Va. Inft. Vol., Mahone's Brig., hearing the cry for help, went to our captain and asked permission to

rescue the wounded Federal soldier, saying, that he was bound to respond to his call for help.

"The captain refused, but Dean replied that he would relieve the wounded Federal at the risk of his life, and disobeying the orders of his captain, went out, brought the man in and carried him to the hospital, saw that his wounds were dressed, and that he was properly cared for. Upon leaving, the Federal soldier gave Dean a beautiful double cased silver watch, for caring for him, at so great a risk of losing his own life.

"Mr. Dean was killed in Mahone's famous charge at 'the crater' in front of Petersburg, Va., in 1865.

"If this can be made into a narration, it is given you freely, without money or price.

"Hoping you may be eminently successful, I am

"Yours very truly,

"J. C. BIRDSONG,

"Late Co. B, 12th Regt. Va. Inft. Vol. Mahone's Brig. A. V. V. and Sec'y. Wm. G. Willis Lodge No. 218, A. F. & A. M., Raleigh, N. C."

This is more than the ordinary, and should receive attention as such.

We have no proof; no reasons to assume that this captain was not a good man and a good officer, but he refused to permit the wounded man in distress, to be cared for. So did the priest and Levite, though most likely performing their full duty according to their creed. The good Samaritan, so far as we know, without any danger upon the right or left, took the injured man to the hotel, had him cared for and paid the bill, the greatest known instance of charity in all the history of mankind. But here comes Brother Dean, one of our brother masons, who was born in the midst of a hatred toward the Federal, who believed in free state

principles, greater than that of the Jews against the Samaritans, rescuing this wounded Federal soldier, not only seeing his wounds dressed and him cared for, but doing it in the midst and regardless of the deadly "Minnie balls." Still further, placing himself liable to be court martialed and shot to death, for disobeying his commanding officer,—for mutiny.

Is not this and others such as this, greater and beyond that wonderful display of brotherly love handed to us by the good Samaritan?

"Independence, Kans., Sept. 23, 1914.

"Dear Sir and Comrade:

"Your letter of inquiry received, and while I am not a mason, it gives me great pleasure to comply with your request.

"William D. Guyman, of Co. D, 70th Regt., Ind. Inft. Vol., informed me that while his brigade commander, Gen. Harrison, later President of the United States, was charging a fort at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864, he was badly wounded and was left lying within the Rebel lines, the brigade having failed to take the works.

"After dark a Confederate officer came along and he said something or did something, (I have forgotten now which), whereupon the Confederate officer picked him up, carried him to our picket lines, delivered him to his friends and then returned safely to his own command.

"I have fought more than once side by side with your regiment, the 125th Ohio Inft. Vol.

"Your comrade,

"P. C. MOORE,

"Late Sergt., 40th Regt., Ind. Inft. Vol."

"Cottonwood Falls, Kans., Sept. 26, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"Your letter received and in reply, give my experience during the Civil War, believing it is what you desire:

"The most dismal New Year's eve I ever spent was December 31, 1862, the night of the first day's battle of Stone River. My regiment, the 23d Regt. Ky. Inft. Vol., was ordered on picket about nightfall, to remain until midnight. The ground over which the contest raged all day, separated us from the Rebel pickets, and although it was supposed that all the wounded had been removed from the field and only the dead left where they fell, yet some of the supposed dead returned to consciousness during the night, and their piteous cries for help were heart-rending and chilled the blood more than the falling frost. Of course, those who had strength enough to make their whereabouts known by crying out, were hunted up by the pickets, who crawled in the direction of the cries for help, and brought them inside the lines. Many, no doubt, returned to consciousness but were too weak to cry out loud enough to be heard by their friends, as the sequel will show, and died before morning.

"The night was very cold and fires being prohibited, the troops, to keep themselves warm, or from freezing, lay on the ground as close to each other as possible, with blankets wrapped around them. A lieutenant with whom I was very chummy, and myself snuggled up close to each other with a single blanket wrapped around us, each deeply engrossed with his own thoughts. About 10 o'clock

I heard a peculiar cry for help, apparently coming from the farthest side of the field. It was different from any other I had heard that night, yet it was just such a cry for help as might come from one who had almost given up hope. My chum, without saying a word, unloosed himself from my embrace, got up and did not return for probably an hour or more. Ten years after, when I became a mason, I heard the same cry, and the field of Stone River, the awful night of December 31, 1862, passed before my mental vision as vivid as an event of twenty-four hours previous. I also remembered that my chum of that night was a mason. Some three years after my initiation I met the lieutenant, and after proving myself and recalling the incident to his memory he related the following story:

"Upon hearing the cry, he hunted up another mason and both proceeded in the direction it came, until more than half way across the field; then crawling on their hands and knees, with the utmost caution, until they thought themselves as far as they dared go, one of them repeated the cry in a low voice, and was promptly answered by a rebel picket near them, who informed them that 'two of your men are lying right over thar, a little way,' one of whom was just able to make the picket, who proved to be a mason, hear the cry of distress, and the picket gave it loud enough to reach the Union lines. He also admonished them to get the wounded men away as quickly as possible, as he expected his relief in a very short time. With the aid of the rebel picket's blanket, the most dangerously wounded of the two men was taken to the Union lines and the blanket returned. Then the other, who was able to assist himself, was taken in. Both were sent to the

field hospital. My informant never knew whether either of the wounded men recovered, or not.

"Fraternally yours,

"W. H. MORGAN.

"216 Union St., Cottonwood, Kans.

"Late 1st Lt. 23d Regt., Ky. Vol. Inft."

The vigilant Confederate picket, in the bitter cold night, faithfully guarding his comrades while they slept and refreshed themselves for the awful fray which was not yet decided, hearing the cry of his brother in distress, too feeble to be heard by his Federal brother, hurled or rebounded it back over the field of death, to the ear of this brother, who as you see, was of a truth, a brother.

"Emporia, Kans., Sept. 15, 1914.

"J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Brother and Comrade:

"Your letter was received which I read in Post meeting. In answer, Comrade J. P. Ross, who was a lieutenant in the 55th Regt. U. S. C. Inft., related the following, which I herewith enclose:

" 'It was at the battle of Guntown, shortly after the massacre at Fort Pillow, when a garrison of colored troops, after surrendering, were murdered, and at a time when the Confederates had sworn death to any and all white officers of colored troops. At the battle of Guntown most of the 55th Regt. were killed, wounded or taken prisoner. Among the prisoners were a number of the officers of the Regt. who mostly passed themselves off as belonging to white regiments. One, however, Lieut. Theodore Griffin, adjutant of the Regt., was captured in such a manner that he was immediate-

ly identified as an officer of negroes. He was instantly surrounded and his death demanded. Expecting that his last moments had come, in desperation he made a masonic sign, little hoping for assistance. However, the sign was at once noticed, and one of the seeming leaders in a demand for his life, at once took the case in hand and said he would see that the prisoner was taken care of in a manner to do credit to the Confederacy, and, calling to his aid, another soldier, said to him, take the prisoner in charge and see that he is treated according to his deserts. Griffin was bound and led into the timber for a distance, where his captor revealed himself as a brother, and not only released him, but directed him as to the best way to reach the Federal lines.'

"Comrade Ross, who was an officer of the same Regt., but was at home on veteran furlough, says he had the story from Lieut. Griffin, whom he met after rejoining his Regt.

"Fraternally yours,

"CHARLES HARRIS,

"Emporia, Kans.

"Late Co. F, 21st Regt. Iowa Inft. Vol.; Adjt. Post No. 55, and Past Dept. Commander, Kansas G. A. R.; member Emporia Lodge, No. 12, also Chapter and Commandery."

"Baldwin, Kans., Sept. 14, 1914.

"J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"I am in possession of your communication, mailed to me from Pueblo, Colo., Sept. 10, and will say that I served in the War of the Rebellion in the 24th Regt.,

Ky. Inft. Vol., but during the time of my service I was not a mason, but became a member of the order in Fredonia, Kans, in 1872.

"During my service in the army we had in our company a man named Garrett Redman, who was a mason, and it was Garrett's habit, when in camp near a city, to go into the city, make himself known as a mason, meet with royal reception, and come into camp with quite a supply of good things to eat, and 'cod' the boys about not being able to get the good things that he did; and it made no difference whether we were on Union or Rebel territory, he would always meet with the same success.

"In 1867 I entered the ministry in the Ky. Conference, and in 1871 was transferred to Kansas and stationed in Fredonia, which was a new territory, sparsely settled, and in traveling over the country and meeting with the people in their box houses after I became a mason, I took pains in preaching to them frequently, using the 23rd Psalm, and frequently strangers would come up to me and give me a hearty handshake and invite me to stay over night with them, and we would generally have a very pleasant entertainment.

"Very fraternally,

"W. B. BRISTOW,

"Past Master Palmyra Lodge No. 23, A. F. & A. M., Baldwin, Kans."

"Atlanta, Ga., October 23, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Brother:

"I am in receipt of your letter, and I take pleas-

ure in furnishing you with what information I can, where instances occurred to me.

"On the 14th day of September, 1862, I was badly wounded in my right wrist and also in my right lung, near Harper's Ferry, in the State of Maryland, and was captured. I suffered more for the want of water than I did from the pain of the wound; it was near midnight and was dark and I couldn't give the sign, but I gave the word. A Union soldier, who was a mason, came to my assistance. He called me brother and asked me what he could do for me. I told him that I was dying for the want of water. He called out two of his own men from his company and told them to gather canteens from the dead soldiers and hurry to the spring and bring me water, which they did. I realized then that being a mason saved my life.

"In December, 1864, a soldier, with his company, belonging to Sherman's army, was captured and sent to my town. I followed Sherman's army for several days and when I returned the captain and 92 men were under guard in the court house. He made himself known to me as a mason; he was bare-footed and said the boys had stolen his boots. I paid $75.00 in Confederate money for him a pair of brogan shoes, and he insisted on my taking a $5.00 bill in U. S. money.

"In May, 1865, after the surrender, I was required to pay a $50.00 license to run my own mill, to grind my own corn, and I positively refused, when the captain, a Yankee, came to collect the license. He left his company troup and came to me himself and just before reaching me, he let me know he was a mason. He told me he didn't blame me for my not having paid it, and that I was just to keep quiet about it and need not pay a cent.

"Later on this same mill was the means of feeding thousands of widows and their children, by advancing corn and wheat to them.

"Fraternally yours,

"J. H. CAMP.

"98 Ivy St., Atlanta, Ga.

"Co. F, 16th Ga., Cobb's Brig., McClaws Divis. and Longstreet's Corps."

"Ada, Okla., April 29, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"My Dear Sir and Brother:

"I was four years in that which may be called fatal war, was a mason, and had some thrilling experiences in saving life, liberty and property. Masonry meant something in those dark and doleful days; it was not a tinkling symbol, nor a sounding brass.

"MASONRY IN THE WAR, 1861-65.

"On the 4th day of July, 1861, I volunteered and was sworn into service with Co. D, 2nd Ark. Mounted Riflemen, McIntosh's Regt., served principally with Generals Bragg, Johnston and Hood, during the siege near Atlanta, Ga. At the battle of Peachtree Creek, the Federals charged our lines, failed, and we held the field. All the wounded Confederate and Union soldiers were on our hands, so I was detailed to assist the surgeons in dressing wounds and amputating limbs.

"After we had worked about twenty-four hours and finished all the Confederates, we then began working with the Union soldiers. I noticed that our surgeon was amputating all their arms or legs, with only slight wounds, and I said to the surgeon: 'What does this

mean, Sir?' He said, 'Cut their legs off and they will not be able to fight us any more.' I said, 'Sir, that is not right, it is cowardice.' The surgeon and I had some very rough words about it. In a few minutes a Union Lieutenant, who had only a flesh wound in the leg and lying only a few feet from us, who heard the fuss between the surgeon and myself, was thrown upon the amputating table. He saw my masonic pin and made himself known to me as a mason, and appealed to me for protection. He said that his was only a flesh wound, and he did not want to lose his leg. I said, 'My brother, your leg shall not be cut off.'

"The surgeon picked up his knife and said that he was going to cut the leg off. I said, 'Doctor, this man's leg does not need amputating, and must not be cut off.' He said with an oath, that I had been meddling with his business, and he would ——— if he didn't cut it off, and started toward the Lieutenant.

"I picked up the largest knife I could see, stepped up over the Lieutenant, and said, 'Sir, you will have to kill me first.' He started toward me with his knife, but the attendants caught him and pushed him back.

"The Lieutenant caught me around my neck and I carried him off and dressed his wounded leg. The Lieutenant gave me his address, and said, 'My brother, if you should ever be captured, write to me and you shall never suffer.'

"As well as I remember the Lieutenant's name was Drake, and the surgeon's name was ———

"MASONRY SAVES MY MOTHER.

"My mother and three sisters lived in North Ark. During the war I was east of the Mississippi River in the Confederate army. In 1863 the Kansas Jayhawk-

ers, having some negroes with them, came to my mother's house; after cursing my mother and taking such things out of the house as they wanted, they were fixing to burn the house when a Union Colonel of an Ohio regiment, rode up and asked them what they were doing. They said, 'We are going to burn this Rebel's house.' The Colonel said, 'Well, wait one minute.' He went into the house and in looking around he saw my father's masonic chart hanging in the room. He said to my mother, 'Was your husband a mason?' She said, 'Yes, sir.' 'Have you ever taken any of the lodge degrees?' he said. 'Yes, sir,' was my mother's reply, giving him the wife and daughter's sign.

"The Colonel turned and walked out to the Jayhawkers, and said, 'You men leave here. We are not here making war on women and children, and before you burn this house you will have to kill me and every man in my regiment,' and they left. But, alas! the next time the Kansas troops came, there was no good Ohio Union masonic Colonel there to protect my mother and little sisters; the house was burned and my mother and little sisters were left penniless.

"GEN'L SAM H. HARGIS,
"Commander Chickasaw Brigade, U. C. V., Ada, Okla."

These instances are given just as they were written by this brother, and all masons will fully understand just the material of which he is composed, and if all were possessed of such, how pleasant it would be for us to dwell here below.

In the month of June, 1914, at Fort Morgan, Colo., Rev. Cyrus B. Brooks, Department Commander of the Dept. of Colo. and Wyo., G. A. R., who had served as Dept. Chaplain therein for four or five consecutive

terms, now, (1915), chaplain of the Colorado Senate, member of the Board of Commissioners of the Colorado State S. & S. Home, and National Patriotic Instructor G. A. R., and who served in the Union army from May 23, 1861, to August 19, 1865; first as hospital steward in 1st Regt. Minn. Inft. Vol.; later as assistant surgeon in the 10th Regt. Minn. Inft. Vol., related to me this instance:

"At the battle of Fairoaks, Va., I was assisting the surgeon, working with the wounded until I was wearied and exhausted to the very limit, and I suppose I did something in a peculiar manner, and a Confederate surgeon, who was near me, at once came to me and asked me 'what is the trouble?' Being taken somewhat by surprise, I replied, 'Nothing, sir, why do you ask?' He replied, 'Why sir, you called me.' I was about to say that I had not called him, when I saw on his breast a masonic emblem, and I said, 'I must have blundered into some unusual sign or signal, though I am not a mason.' He replied, 'You most certainly have, sir, you called me to you.'

"Later I became a member of the masonic order and learned that in my boyish acts, how I had called to me this good Confederate brother.

"I am now a member of Windsor Lodge, Colorado, A. F. & A. M., and a member of the chapter and a Knight Templer."

This is a deviation from any of the incidents received or known during the period from 1861 to 1865, and is given for the beautiful little lesson, plainly to be observed therein.

"Abilene, Kansas, Sept. 17, 1914.

"J. Jewell, Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"It was so arranged that I could not become a member of the Masonic Fraternity until 1872, but from other members of our order, I have the following:

"Joseph Garman, of the 54th Regt., Pa. Inft. Vol., was a prisoner in Andersonville Prison, Ga., and when taken prisoner he was given two rations daily, instead of one. He was at liberty to go out of the stockade and return at his leisure, a privilege other prisoners were not granted.

"John D. Isom, of the 27th Regt., Ill. Inft. Vol., was also given two rations daily instead of one, permitted to retain his money and buy such provisions as could be found, he being a member of our order.

"A lieutenant and twelve of his men were captured in 1864 by what was termed Gen. Mosby's guerillas, and were informed that they were to be hung or shot that evening. But one of them being a brother and a friend, said to his commander, this must not be done; if this lieutenant and his men were hung, he would hang with them.

"The good brother was victorious; the lives of the prisoners were saved and they were sent to prison at Bell Island, later to Andersonville, Ga., and were soon exchanged and sent to their command.

"This lieutenant and twelve men were members of Co. M, 17th Regt., Pa. Cav. Vol.

"I shall be glad to aid you further in any way I can in this grand and meritorious work.

"I am fraternally yours,

"W. T. DAVIDSON,

"Abilene, Kan."

"Richmond, Ky., June 6, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Dear Sir:

"There is no Confederate here, now living, who was a mason during the war, therefore say: I was in prison at Camp Douglass, Ill., eighteen and a half months, with about ten thousand other Confederate soldiers, and I believed I would starve.

"The masons came into the prison, asked all masons to come into one of the barracks, where they were fed better than the rest of us. Some refused to go where they would fare better than the rest of us.

"This is the only instance I can give, but it is true, for I saw it myself, and I not being a mason, starved on, just the same. But thanks be to our God, I am still living.

"Respectfully yours,

"N. B. DEATTIER.

Age, company and regiment not given.

This is a Confederate veteran who is not a mason, and it would not be expected that a soldier on either side could be reconciled to believe he was well treated and provided for in prison.

"Evansville, Ind., April 12, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"Replying to your letter, will say: A case of which you inquire came under my personal observation in the month of April, 1861.

"I was a prisoner of war, and was in prison in the Pemberton Building, directly opposite Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.

"One of our men was a mason. He was in prison only three days, when he was released, taken from prison, and I believe paroled, taken across the lines and permitted to go to his home and family.

"I was a member of Co. I, 6th Regt., Ohio Vol. Inft.

"It is a master mason, a Royal Arch mason and a Knight Templar who greets you.

"Fraternally,

"WM. C. WEBBER,

"435 Jackson Ave., Evansville, Ind."

"Eldorado, Kansas, Oct. 10, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Comrade:

"During the war, I at one time (place not stated), attended a court martial trial, where a private soldier, who was a master mason, was compelled to testify against an officer for some improper conduct concerning some government property.

"After the testimony had been given the officer demanded the soldier's arrest, whereupon the judge advocate, a mason also, brought in a file of soldiers and stated to the officer that it seemed this soldier had stated the truth, and added, "If he be arrested you will also be arrested and placed in prison," which closed the incident.

"Yours in F., C. and L.,

"W. H. AVERY,

"Late of Co. D, 18th Mich. Vol."

Attorney, justice of the peace and police judge.

"Jonesville, S. C., Oct. 12, 1914.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"Your letter was handed to me for reply. I was captured and made prisoner in April, 1865, at Petersburg, Va., and taken to Hart's Island in the Long Island Sound, and kept there until June 18th.

"While there a fellow prisoner by the name of Shackleford, from Augusta, Ga., was taken from our ward and given a position in the cook room, where he was well treated, had good fare and plenty to eat, for the reason that he was a mason.

"Upon my return to my home I was made a mason in 1865, and became a member of Lodge No. 76, Petersburg, Va., and am the oldest mason of the lodge in this place.

"Yours fraternally,

"T. M. LITTLEJOHN,

"Jonesville, S. C."

"Larned, Kansas, Oct. 16, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"I am in receipt of a letter from you, and have to say in reply:

"When in the service, I was too young to be a member of any such order as ours, but had some experience along that line.

"I was a prisoner at Andersonville, Ga., and Florence, S. C., and being lined up on several occasions for special exchange, about the first question usually asked was, 'Where are you from?' I would say, of course, 'New York,' and would be informed that I must remain in prison, as bad men came from New York.

"I soon learned that about all who were let out of

prison were masons, and I resolved to become a member myself, the first opportunity, which was in 1875, when I became a member of Lodge No. 167 of this city. I have endeavored to be a faithful member to date.

"I have visited lodges in Georgia and Florida, and find the brethren very friendly and entertaining, notwithstanding our former experience from 1861 to 1865.

"Fraternally yours,

"GEORGE NOLAN,

"212 E. 6th St., Larned, Kan.

"Late Co. C, 69th Regt., N. Y. Vol."

"Brownsville, Ore., Oct. 22, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Dear Brother:

"The commander of our Post, No. 49, G. A. R., handed me your letter, which is all good, and I report to you an instance which has always given me great satisfaction. In fact, I am very proud of what I did.

"After the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., I was at the hospital, acting as ward-master.

"One morning I visited the wounded Confederates, and a soldier from Georgia asked me if I would get him a lemon, which I promised to do, if I could. I went to Surgeon Park's quarters, and soon returned with two fine lemons for my wounded friend, who thanked me many times, and said he knew I would get him a lemon if it could be had, as he saw that masonic pin on my blue shirt.

"I said to him, 'Sir, are you a mason?' He promptly informed me that he was, and I soon found out that he was, and that it was a brother in serious distress I had aided.

"He requested my name and address, and said he would write me if he ever got home alive.

"After doing all I could for the brother, I bade him farewell, but never heard of him afterward.

"He was severely wounded, and I fear he never survived, or I believe he would have written to me.

"I am fraternally yours,

"W. B. BLANCHARD,

"Orderly Sergt., Co. E, 16th Regt., Ky. Inft. Vol."

"Klamath Falls, Ore., Oct. 24. 1914.

"Dear Brother and Comrade:

"Your effort to accomplish a good work came to me through our post commander, and I can give you some experiences of my own.

"I enlisted in 1862, in Co. E, 93d Regt., Ill. Inft. Vol.

"I was third sergeant, but was soon detailed as wagon-master, and served as such until the fall of Vicksburg, Miss. Then I was made superintendent of the post quartermaster's department at that place, and served there as such until the war closed.

"When the war closed I met many soldiers and many came to me, shook my hand with uncommon friendliness, and would say, 'Wagon-master, you saved my life.' I would ask, 'How is that? I only did my duty.' Some would say, 'On a certain occasion I had laid out by the side of the road to die, not being able to go any farther, but when you came along you picked me up, put me in a wagon, and took me safely into camp, where I was cared for.'

"One case I remember well; that of Walter Bell, Co. H, of our regiment.

"One of the drivers broke the tongue of his wagon,

but I soon had a new one from the timber and was going again, but the train had gone on, leaving us behind.

"Going along, I saw Bell by the wayside, and seeing him greatly in need of help, I took him in our wagon, conveying him safely into our camp.

"Many of these instances I had forgotten until reminded of them by the boys later.

"Hoping you will succeed in your undertaking,

"I am yours fraternally,

"WM. H. ROBERTSON,
"Co. E, 93d Regt., Ill. Inft. Vol."

"Culpeper, Va., Oct. 28, 1914.

"Mr. J. Jewell, Esq.,
"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Brother:

"Your letter was handed to me for reply, and say there are but few Confederate veterans left with us.

"We were generally too young, many of us becoming masons after the war closed. But I recall one instance which demonstrates the feelings of the fraternity toward those who were in trouble or distress.

"I was captured in Gen. Picket's charge, at the Battle of Gettysburg, Pa., and was taken to Ft. Deleware, and from there to Point Lookout.

"My grandfather had been a mason and a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 11, Washington, D. C., and my father had visited the lodge.

"It became known to the brethren there that I was a prisoner of war and probably needed assistance.

"Finding that I was in need of aid, they promptly

made an appropriation for me of $25.00, which greatly relieved me, and it was appreciated.

"I do not recall any other instance.

"Very truly and fraternally yours,

"H. C. BURROWS,

"Fairfax Lodge 43, Culpeper, Va."

"Pendleton, Ore., Oct. 31, 1914.

"Brother J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir:

"Yours of Oct. 12th was handed to me by the commander of Kit Carson Post No. 28, Dept. of Oregon, I being the only Mason in this post, and I believe you are in the right, hence I answer you.

"I was a member of Co. H, 28th Regt., Iowa Vol. Inft., and at the battle of Arkansas Post, Ark., I was wounded and sent to St. Adams hospital, at Memphis, Tenn., from which I was discharged.

"My father at the time was quite a prominent mason, and learning where I was, came to me and soon procured my discharge and took me home.

"I am sure I never could have received my discharge had it not been for my father and his influence in our order.

"When I started on the Arkansas Post campaign I weighed 172 lbs., and when I was discharged I weighed 75 pounds. Our order saved me from a soldier's grave in the Southland.

"I am a charter member of Tuscan Lodge No. 136, Umatillo, Ore., and Post No. 8, Dept. of Ore., G. A. R.

"Yours fraternally,

"ALFRED STEPHENS."

March 4, 1915.

John A. Shively relates the following:

"I was born Jan. 16, 1834, at Mansfield, Ohio, and enlisted in the 101st Regt., Ohio Vol. Inft., in the early part of the war.

"We were soon sent south by Cincinnati, Ohio, Lexington, and Frankfort, Ky., and to Limestone, Tenn., where a battle took place and I was taken prisoner, taken to Richmond, Va., and placed in Libby prison there, later to Belle Isle.

"There was work outside the prison and also inside, and those inside fared much better than those outside.

"I asked if there were any masons there, and was informed that the major and the quartermaster's father were masons. I had dinner with the quartermaster, and in a few days was given work inside of the prison, and before holidays was paroled and sent to our state, Ohio. Upon leaving the prison the quartermaster called me to one side and said he regretted to see me go; that he was a mason and had done what he could for me, but that orders were issued from Richmond that they recognize no one whomsoever, or he would lose his position, perhaps his life, but was telling me then, as he was in but little danger.

"I was soon sent from Columbus, Ohio, to my home, and I cannot tell what would have been my destiny in prison had it not been for my faithful masonic brethren.

"Fraternally yours,

"JOHN A. SHIVELY,

"Late 101st Regt., Ohio Vol. Inft., Mansfield, O."

"Marion, Ohio, March 15, 1915.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Comrade and Brother:

"Major S. N. Titus, commander of our post, No. 117, G. A. R., of this city, handed me your letter, knowing I was in possession of some facts of which you ask, and although too young to be a mason during the Civil War, I am only too glad to give you some items, especially as you were a member of the 125th Regt., Ohio Vol. Inft., serving for a while in the same brigade with the 64th Regt., O. V. I., of which regiment I was a member.

"I was taken prisoner at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864, and while we were confined in prison at Meridian, Miss., I became acquainted with a fellow prisoner, his name I do not recall; a member of some Ill. Regt., who had a small masonic book, which he carried in his pocket, and as reading matter was very scarce, he allowed me to read this book, in which I became very much interested, as from my boyhood I had always had a favorable opinion of the order.

"One day a Confederate officer came and took him out of the prison, and when he left, he took me by the hand, bade me good-bye, and said: 'Do not be alarmed, as no harm will come to me.'

"Of course I do not know positively how it came that he was taken out of this prison, but have always believed I did, especially since I became a mason.

"At Cahaba, Ala., some of our prisoners mutinied, with the view of making their escape, and some of the Confederate guards were overpowered, but the attempt proved a failure.

"J. W. Rush was one, selected by those in the plot, to overcome the guards, there being three prisoners selected to each one of the Confederate guards.

They succeeded in disarming and throwing a few of the guards to the ground, and, no doubt believing he was about to be killed, one of the guards gave a sign or said something, which was immediately recognized by one of the three who had him down, and he said to the guard, "Lie still, you will not be harmed." This terminated the mutiny.

"The leaders were court-martialed and sentenced to be shot, but the sentence was not carried out.

"Comrade Rush related this to me later.

"Years later I became acquainted with Rev. Howard Henderson, a Methodist minister and a mason, who informed me that he was one who was in charge of the prison at the time, and from him I learned that the influence of our brethren stayed the execution.

"Hoping you may be successful in your undertaking, and with kindest regards, I am

"Yours fraternally,

"WILLIAM FIES,

"Late Sergt. Co. B, 64th Regt., O. V. I.

"Sultana survivor, 345 S. Prospect St., Marion, O."

"Scranton, Pa., Feb. 6, 1915.

"J. Jewell, Atty.

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Brother and Comrade:

"Your letter received, and while we are not so active as we were fifty years ago, I enclose you two instances which I hope will be sufficiently interesting to find a place in your record.

"I enlisted at Toledo, Ohio, in the 2nd Ohio Ind.

Batt., Light Art., when just 17 years of age, and was too young to be a mason.

"We have the largest post in our state; own our own hall, worth $60,000.

"Comrade Halsey Lathrop of Co. C, 6th Regt., Pa. Reserve Corps, related to me the following:

" 'While a prisoner at Belle Island, Va., a fellow-prisoner of mine, by the name of Clark, a mason, and a member of a Mich. Regt., was recognized by a Confederate officer as being a mason, and the officer offered him an officer's commission if he would desert the cause of the Union and unite with the Confederacy.

" 'Clark politely but firmly refused the offer.

" 'The Confederate officer complimented Clark for his honor, and treated him with all the kindness possible during his stay in prison.'

"Brother Lathrop was not a mason at the time, but this instance led him to become a member of the order as soon as he was discharged and returned to his home, and he is now one of our most valued members. He was severely wounded near Richmond, Va., two balls still remaining in his body.

"I am fraternally,

"MARSHALL PRESTON,

"Adjt., Post. No. 139, G. A. R., and Lodge No. ....., A. F. & A. M., Scranton, Pa."

This instance is also given by Brother Marshall Preston, Adjutant, Post No. 139, Scranton, Pa., Feb. 6, 1915.

"The following was related to me at my request by Colonel F. L. Hitchcock, a worthy member of our post, a mason, a good business man, and who wrote a history of his Regt.

"He said: 'I was adjutant of the 132nd Regt., Pa.

Inft. Vol., our Regt. being a part of the Army of the Potomac, and on our way down the Landen Valley, toward Fredericksburg, Va., after the battle of Antietam, Md., in 1862.

" We were a young Regt., having entered the service but a month before that great battle.

" 'The campaign and the battle had been so severe and the work of my office so strenuous, that I had become much reduced in flesh and debilitated in health.

" 'On the 8th of November, near Upperville, Va., a heavy rain storm set in, later turning to snow.

" 'Being thoroughly drenches, I incurred a severe case of chills, resulting in a case of chills and fever.

" 'We were without tents or shelter of any kind, and our surgeon said to me, "You must have shelter. It is a matter of life or death with you."

" 'There were a few small frame houses in sight, all outside our picket lines, but our chaplain—a mason —rode out to the nearest one and was gratified to find the farmer at home, and to be a brother mason.

" 'Stating to him my condition, he was promptly ordered to bring me to his house, where I was most cordially received, placed in a good bed and made as comfortable as it was possible for a very sick man to be made.

" 'Without a request upon my part, he soon had some hot tea and a dish of delicious chicken broth, all that could be given a sick man.

" 'He said it was his last chicken which he had saved from the Union soldiers, by secreting it in the cellar.

" 'I had been so exhausted and this was so good, I was soon sleeping the sleep of the just, but my masonic host and the chaplain, now on neutral grounds,

chatted nearly all night on experiences of the war, for my host was none other than a member of Gen. Mosby's Confederate cavalry, whom we all well knew.

" 'He was at home temporarily, looking after his property, while our army was in the neighborhood, and, during our presence, was a good Union man.

" 'He told the chaplain that just as soon as our army left, he with all his neighbors, would don their Confederate uniforms and be in their saddles, picking up stragglers and making it hot for such of our rear guard as they could capture.

" 'He and his wife seemed to be intelligent and comfortably well situated, but exceedingly bitter against a "Yankee."

" 'He permitted the chaplain to read the latest Richmond papers, and was absolutely confident that our defeat and destruction, and their glorious triumph, was but a short distance away. Our chaplain was a Methodist minister, and he found in our hosts fellow-Methodists. But it is a singular fact that this christian bond of fellowship seemed to have no material effect toward uniting and binding them as brethren, such as they were then enjoying by the tie of the brotherhood of a brother mason, which was here giving home, brotherly hospitality, an oasis for a brother in the midst of a desert of war.

" 'Later our surgeon said to me, "My boy, that guerilla mason saved your life," he calling Mosby's men guerillas.

" 'Soon our army advanced. I was taken in an ambulance, cared for, and then sent to my home for a month on account of my illness.

" 'Upon leaving our hosts, Brother D. C. Lake and wife, for that was their names, we bade them a

thankful adieu and offered to pay them in gold coin for their grateful kindness, which was so indignantly refused that I felt guilty of a breach of decorum for tendering it. He said to me, "You know there is but one way you can repay—go do thou likewise."

"Farewell Brother Lake: May you have lived long and enjoyed the mystic tie of our order to which, under the dire pressure of civil war, you were so true and loyal.' MARSHALL PRESTON."

This is worthy of consideration and study. Consider an enemy in the extreme, in the army of the Southern cause, taking into his home and family, not questioning as to the character of the applicant, a soldier from the army he considered his bitterest enemy.

As a priest or Levite, the chaplain made his best ministerial efforts to effect good, but it was all of no avail. But our order did all that could have been done for a brother.

"Marietta, Ohio, March 15, 1915.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Brother:

"I enclose you an instance given me by William A. Crumb, Co. B, 77th Regt., Ohio Inft. Vol.

"He said: 'Immediately after the surrender of our forces at Mark's Mill, Ark., on April 25, 1864, the Confederates marched us very rapidly in taking us to prison.

" 'Before we arrived at the Saline river, having marched almost continuously for about sixty hours, I was almost exhausted. Seeing an intelligent appearing Confederate officer riding along leading another horse, it occurred to me that he might be a mason.

" 'I made the test, and to my great relief found that he was, and I informed him that I was almost worn out, upon which he handed me the halter strap by which he was leading the horse, and I mounted the horse without saddle or bridle.

" 'As brothers, we soon became pretty well acquainted and were being real social, which was resting me greatly. But it was not long until a Confederate officer higher in rank rode along, and seeing the officer favoring me, with a long string of "unprintable epithets" ordered me to dismount, which I unceremoniously did, as he had all the argument on his side of the subject.

" 'My friend had greatly favored me when it was most needed, but did not dare allow me again to ride, being under command of his superior officer.'

"I also relate an incident which occurred to Col. A. W. McCormick of our Regt., of which I am quite familiar. At the Battle of Shiloh he was captain of Company G, our regiment, was severely wounded, having his right elbow severely shattered, and taken prisoner.

"It was four days before his wound was dressed or anything was done to relieve his suffering.

"Finally four Confederate surgeons with their chief surgeon, made an examination and informed him that it was necessary that his arm be amputated.

"He asked them if there was any chance to save the arm if dressed and not amputated. The answer was 'Yes, one in a hundred.'

"Colonel McCormick replied, 'I will take that one chance. Dress my arm and I will take care of the balance myself.'

"The chief surgeon said to him, 'I understand you

were the editor of a Democratic paper at Marietta, Ohio, when the war broke out.'

"Col. McCormick replied that he was. 'Then, sir,' asked the surgeon, 'will you explain to me why the editor of a Democratic paper would join the Union army and come down here to fight us?'

"The colonel said, 'I believed I could do my country and its flag more good by enlisting and fighting for them, believing this to be a Democracy, than I could by staying at home and editing a Democratic paper, advising others to enlist.'

"The surgeon replied, 'When you get out of here, I want you to go home and stay there, for if you come back we will get you again.'

"The Colonel's reply was, 'When I get out of this, I am coming right back at you until I see this thing clear through.'

"Two years later, Col. McCormick being in command of the Regt., we were taken prisoners at the battle of Mark's Mill, and when we arrived at Marshall, Texas, on our way to prison, Col. McCormick remembered that this chief surgeon lived there, who, remember, was a brother mason.

"He requested Col. Hill, the officer in charge of the prisoners, to send a guard with him to the residence of his friend, the Confederate surgeon in chief, who, by the way, had the finest residence in the city.

"A lieutenant was detailed to conduct the colonel to the surgeon's residence. Arriving at the door a colored servant answered the call of the door bell and said, 'The surgeon is at tea and cannot see you now.'

"The colonel took a slip of paper from his book and wrote, 'Captain A. W. McCormick, 77th Regt., O. V. I.,' and sent it to the surgeon by the servant.

"The surgeon immediately came to the door, and grasping the hand of Col. McCormick, said, 'And here you are again! Did I not tell you to go home, stay there and edit your Democratic paper?'

Col. McCormick replied, 'And did I not tell you that I would come again and be with you to see this thing through to the end?'

"The surgeon said to the lieutenant, 'You are relieved from any further duty with this man, report to Col. Hill that I will be responsible for this officer and see that he is properly reported to him in the morning.'

"The Confederate entertained the Union officer in his own good home as royally as possible, sending him away the next morning with as large a 'lunch' as he could care for, composed of biscuits, butter and other good things, suitable for a soldier.

"I can testify as to how good these things were, as the colonel divided with me, and the biscuits and butter were real 'milk and honey' compared with what we were receiving.

"The colonel's arm, which was shattered by the Confederate bullet, healed, so that it served him well as long as he lived.

"Col. McCormick was one of the valued business men of Cincinnati, Ohio, for many years.

"I hope I may not worry you, but I feel that these incidents should be recorded and preserved, which I hope you will do, with others you may obtain.

"I am fraternally yours,

"L. J. CUTTER,
"Marietta, Ohio."

How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to

find these little "oases" in life such as did these Union and Confederate officers.

"Denver, Colo., March 27, 1915.

"Mr. J. Jewell,
"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir:

"Your letter of the 24th instant received. Yes, I was mayor of Denver at the time referred to, and made the welcome address to the Grand Army and related the incident occurring on the battlefield of Shiloh, in connection with the death of my father, George W. Johnson of Kentucky.

"He had been elected provisional governor of Kentucky by the Southern element of that state, but when the Southern army left Kentucky he went with them and attached himself to Gen. John C. Breckenridge's command, and was with that command at the battle of Shiloh, on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862. On the first day he had his horse killed under him, and the next day he went into the fight on foot, and in the fighting which took place between the Confederates and the Ohio troops, led by General Aleck McCook, my father fell mortally wounded, and lay on the field all of that night.

The next morning Gen. McCook was going over the field of battle and discovered my father, who was still alive. They were both masons and had known each other before the war. General McCook went to him, and they recognized each other as masons and former friends. General McCook treated him with brotherly kindness and care, had him taken on a stretcher to a gunboat, sent for a christian minister, and remained with him until that afternoon, when my father died.

They were masons, and even to death they were true to their vows.

"After his death his remains were carefully prepared for burial, and sent to my mother at his dear old home in Kentucky, where he was buried with all masonic honors, where his memory is still kept alive by the members of the George W. Johnson camp of Confederate Veterans.

"My father had been master of Mount Vernon lodge, at Georgetown, Ky., and when the news of his death came to the lodge there was some feeling manifested as to whether he would be accorded masonic burial. Political feeling ran very high at that time, and that brought up the question. A Mr. Steadman, a grand old man, was master of the lodge. He listened to the discussion for a while, and then bringing down his master's gavel, he said, 'Information has come to this lodge of masons that a brother mason in good standing has died, and I desire to announce to all of you that he will be buried with all the honors of a mason. As master of this lodge, I declare this meeting adjourned to his funeral place tomorrow.'

"On the following day he was followed to his grave by all the members of Mt. Vernon lodge.

"At that time I was a small boy, but I shall never forget how deeply I was impressed by those two incidents of masonic loyalty and devotion, and I made up my youthful mind that as soon as I was old enough I would ask the privilege of being made a mason. When I was twenty-one I was made one in Mt. Vernon lodge.

"With kindest wishes I am,

"Very truly your friend,

"HENRY V. JOHNSON.

"P. S. I might add to what I have written, that

General McCook very kindly wrote an autographic letter to me of three or four pages, giving me a detailed account of all the things I have recounted herein, and I have that letter among my most treasured archives. If you desired, I might send it to you with the request that you take the greatest care of it, and return it to me after reading same."

"For H. V. Johnson, Esq., Denver, Colorado.

Denver, Colo., June 20, 1894.

"AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

"In 1862 Governor George W. Johnson, residence Georgetown, Kentucky, was provisional governor of the state under the Confederate government.

"When the Union army took possession of the state he went south, carrying the records of his office with him. He was present at the battle of Shiloh, the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, and at about 2 o'clock p. m. on the latter day he was mortally wounded. At this time he was fighting with Col. Tribue's men, a Kentucky regiment in the Confederate service.

"The place on the battlefield where he fell was known as the 'Water Oaks.' General Sherman in his report of the battle speaks of it, and of the fighting that took place contiguous to it, says that it was this woods that was attacked by Mettick's 32nd Indiana Regt.; the regiment was repulsed and driven out. In a few moments thereafter Rousseau's brigade of McCook's 2nd Division of the Army of the Ohio, attacked the dreaded woods; carried them against the troops of Breckenridge's division, which was principally composed of Kentucky men. On the morning of the 8th of April, in company with General William Nelson, riding

over the battlefield, I conducted him to the water oaks woods, where the Second division of the Army of the Ohio (McCook's) had its hardest fight. Upon the edge of the little swamp I saw lying a tall man dressed in Kentucky jeans clothes. Approaching him, I found him alive. I remarked at once, 'You are a Johnson.' He replied, 'I am George W. Johnson, the provisional governor of Kentucky.' He asked my name. I told him I was General McCook. He then asked me to come close to him. I knelt near him, placing my face near his. He asked me if I was a mason. I replied in the affirmative. Being accompanied by a medical officer, orderlies and attendant, carrying spirits and nourishment for the wounded, after Governor Johnson had been carried to a dry spot and given brandy and food, he made statements to me, telling me of the part he had taken in the battle, etc. At this moment Col. James Jackson, 3rd U. S. Ky. Cavalry, rode to where we were. Dismounting, he exclaimed, 'Why, that is George W. Johnson of Kentucky!'

"After Jackson had spoken to his wounded friend, I addressed General Nelson, 'Nelson, it is understood by your friends in the army that you and Jackson are enemies, and engaged to fight a duel when the war is over. I deem this a fit occasion for all Kentuckians to be at peace today. I want you to shake hands, ask each other's forgiveness, think no more of your troubles over the causes which led to them.' These two noble Kentuckians shook hands, again became friends, and so remained until death claimed both of them, the following month of October.

"An ambulance being at my call, we tenderly placed Governor Johnson in it and the attendants were directed to take him by the smoothest roads to a hos-

pital boat near the landing on the Tennessee river. He was placed in a comfortable bed, on the after upper deck of the steamboat Hannibal. I also ordered a chaplain to attend. From the first, Governor Johnson knew that his wound would prove mortal, and but a few moments before he died he asked the chaplain to sing Kirk White's beautiful hymn:

" 'When marshaled on the mighty plain,
'The glittering host bestud the sky,' etc.

"The chaplain reported to me that Governor Johnson died before the ending of the last verse. He was calm, composed and prepared for death.

"From his supposed enemies he received the tenderest care, and as sympathetic commiseration as could have been shown him by those at home, whom he loved most. His body was sent to his former home in Kentucky, accompanied by a guard, where it has since rested.

"This is a correct statement of a remarkable incident which occurred upon Shiloh's bloody field.

"WM. D. McCOOK,
"Brig. Gen., U. S. Army."

Through the fraternal kindness of Judge Johnson of Denver I have been permitted to copy this letter, and it will be observed that more light is given in this instance where brethren, who were masons, met and ministered to each other on one of the great battlefields of the war, from 1861 to 1865.

"Martin's Ferry, Ohio, April 2, 1915.
"Mr. J. Jewell,
"Pueblo, Colo.
"Comrade and Brother:

"Your letter has been handed to me, the only Civil

War veteran here who is a mason, with the request that I answer, and allow me to say:

"In November, 1864, my father, Captain G. C. Sedgwick, was quartermaster at Columbia, Tenn., and I was ordnance officer, both members of the 175th Regt., Ohio Vol. Inft.

"When the Confederate General J. B. Hood made his campaign into Tenn., on his way to Nashville, passing through Columbia, a resident of Columbia and a mason, having a very fine blooded horse, came to my father and asked him to take the horse and ride it back with our army on its retreat, followed by the victorious Hood, saying that he knew some of General Hood's army would appropriate the horse to their use.

"Father took the horse and rode it back to Nashville, where General Hood's army met with that crushing defeat, and retreated back over the same ground and through Columbia, our army following; my father safely delivering the fine horse to its owner in Columbia.

"Soon after this my father was taken sick with a contagious disease, and the masons were very attentive to him, supplying his every need, though they were sympathizers with the Confederate cause.

"This so impressed me that I decided to join an order that stood by its members in such a manner, though they were among their bitter enemies, and as soon as I was 21 years of age I was made a master mason, and am as far as the commandery and member of No. 26, Bellaire, Ohio. Have been commander of Post No. 72, Dept. of Ohio, G. A. R., a number of times. I have turned the newspaper over to my sons and am living a quiet, retired life.

"Trusting this may be beneficial to you, I am

"Fraternally yours,

"L. C. SEDGWICK,

"Former Editor The Daily Times, Martin's Ferry, O."

"Washington, D. C., May 4, 1915.

"Mr. J. Jewell, Atty.,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Mr. Jewell:

"I am not a mason. During the battle of Elkhorn Tavern, Ark., I was captain of Co. H, 2nd Regt., Mo. Vol., C. S. A., and Capt. P. C. Flornoy was captain of Co. K. and a mason, who told me this incident.

"In a charge, we captured an Iowa field officer, major or colonel, whose name I have forgotten, who was wounded and lay in the line of Flornoy's company.

"Quite a force of Indian troopers were in the Confederate army, and doubtless there were some misgivings among the Union forces as to the treatment of prisoners. This wounded officer spoke to one of Captain Flornoy's company, who at once spoke to the colonel, stating that the wounded officer had asked if there were any masons among the troops. As soon as Captain Flornoy was advised of his inquiry, he went to him and detailed one of his company to take the wounded officer to the field hospital and see that he was cared for.

"He was restored to health, was exchanged, and became a prominent general officer from Iowa in the Union army.

"This is the only incident I now recall.

"Yours truly, "F. M. COCKRELL."

Captain Cockrell became a general later in the war.

He represented the state of Missouri in the United States senate forty years or more, and was considered a christian gentleman.

Many Union soldiers aided in his election to the senate, and his fidelity to them was always realized.

I know him personally and very well.

"Franklin, Tenn., May 15, 1915.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir:

"I answer yours of the 20th inst. to my father, who has been dead nearly two years.

"Many times I have heard him say that he saved his life by being a mason. I do not suppose an incomplete account, as I remember it, would be of any great value to you, but will write it and you can be the judge.

"My father was lieutenant colonel of the 20th Regt., Tenn. Vol., and on General Yollicoffer's staff, at the battle of Mill Springs, Ky., where General Yollicoffer was killed.

"In the fight my father's horse was struck by a ball, which enraged it so that my father lost control of it. The horse was soon killed, but in the meantime it had circled about so that my father had lost his bearings, mistook the enemy for his own men, and was running right toward them.

"He was ordered to halt several times, but in the din of battle and smoke it did not occur to him that they were meant for him.

"Several shots had been fired at him before he realized his mistake. One Yankee soldier rode up to him with a drawn navy revolver, and he thought his time had come. Then he gave the masonic sign, which was

at once recognized by the captain, the only mason in the company.

"The captain stopped the firing, rushed to my father, his brother mason, took him prisoner and saved his life. I never learned the captain's name, but am almost sure that it was a Pennsylvania company.

"He was taken to Johnson's Island, where he fared well, and was allowed privileges not granted to other prisoners.

"I was born and raised in the Carter house (born in 1875), all marks of the battle have been preserved.

"I had the pleasure of meeting a great many of the survivors of the battle at the reunion last November, and hope some day to have the pleasure of meeting you.

"Yours fraternally,

"M. B. CARTER."

This instance, and my personal acquaintance with the Carter family, is referred to in my personal memoirs.

"Arlington, Tex., July 12, 1915.

"Mr. J. Jewell,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir:

"In answer to your inquiry about masons, I will state that in 1863 the Yankees were in Jackson, Tenn., and a foraging party came to my sister's farm, harnessed up her team, took her negro driver, went to her smoke house and took all her meat, 2,000 pounds, 40 gallons of lard, drove out of the yard, when my sister noticed a lieutenant wearing a square and compass pin, and she made herself known to him as the wife of a master mason.

"He immediately rode by her side and said, 'Where did you say your husband was?' And she replied, 'In Johnson's Island prison, Ohio.' 'And you say this is all the meat and lard you have to live on?' 'This is my only support,' she said.

"He turned his horse and said, 'Capt., order these men to place everything back just where they found them.'

The Capt. said to him, 'What in the world has got the matter with you, all at once?'

"The Lieut. said, 'No matter about what is the matter with me, sir. If you do not order those things back where they were, I will report you to Gen. Grant' (who was in command of that department, and not far away).

"The Capt. then ordered everything back to their former place, and the Lieut. said to my sister, 'Now we have placed your provisions back, can you tell us where we can find some meat?' She said, 'No, sir. You found mine, and you must find it somewhere else.'

"The Lieut. then asked if she would permit her negro servant, with her wagon, to go with them to find some provisions, and she said, 'Yes, he may go.'

"The Lieut. then said, 'Madam, it will be late when we return to camp, and we will keep your wagon and driver in camp tonight and send him back home in the morning.' So about 10 o'clock next morning the negro came home, came in the house and handed my sister a ten-dollar bill, and told her they sent her that to pay for him and the use of the wagon.

"My sister's husband was Dr. A. T. Brown, who served in the 42nd Regt., Tenn. Inft. Vol., Confederate army, and also a member of Cotton Grove Lodge, No. 154, A. F. and A. M., Tenn.

"Then again, I was in prison at Camp Douglas,

Chicago, Ill., in 1864-1865, sixteen months, and all masons were placed in a barrack to themselves and were well fed and cared for, when the rest of us nearly starved. I then said to myself, 'If that is what masonry will do, if I ever get home alive I intend to join the masons.'

"I arrived at my home in Tenn., July 9, 1865, and in August, sent my petition to Cotton Grove Lodge, No. 154, jurisdiction of Tenn., and in September found myself to be an upright mason and a member of that lodge.

"So you see I have had the pleasure of communicating with my brethren for nearly fifty years, and I believe I know what masonry means, and never regretted that I became a mason.

"A year ago I became wholly disabled and with my wife am now here at the home for aged masons.

"I am most respectfully and fraternally yours,

"H. T. LOCKE,
"Arlington, Tex.

"Late Co. B, 6th Regt., Tenn. Inft. Vol., Confederate Army. Lodge No. 52, A. F. and A. M., Dallas, Tex."

To say the least, certainly no one can enjoy being captured and confined in prison, and but few could say they were well fed and clothed while so confined, but we see this brother received the light he should have, and all is well, if it ends well.

"Topeka, Kans., July 19, 1915.

"Mr. J. Jewell,
"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir:

"I notice in the July Confederate Veteran your

request to have any good deeds done by one brother mason to another, during the Civil War, given you.

"My uncle (my mother's brother), John G. Goodlove, was severely wounded at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., his arm being badly shattered. He was left on the battlefield to die. When surgeons from the Union army came to him he was lying in a little stream, which was running red with blood.

"He was so faint from the loss of blood and suffering that he could not speak, but he was a mason, and when they went to amputate his arm he knew what they were going to do, and made his masonic sign to them, to save his arm.

"They worked with him a while until he got so he could talk, when he plead with them not to take his arm off.

"So they (they were masons) dressed his arm and gave him every attention they could. He said they were so good and kind to him.

"He told them he had an aged father at home, and two little sisters and one little brother, and that they would need his assistance so much.

"He felt that if he could save his arm, it would mean so much to him.

"They asked him what he wanted to do, or where he wanted to go.

"He told them he had an aunt and uncle at Columbia, Tenn. (the next county seat south), Dalney Goodlove, and if he could get there they would take care of him until he was able to go home. They cared for him, after sending word to his aunt, Adeline Goodlove, to come for him, which she did.

"After the war he studied medicine under his uncle, Dr. John Horton, then graduated at the Lexing-

ton, Ky., medical college; also at the Vanderbilt university, Nashville, Tenn.

"He was a very popular physician for many years and always said masonry saved him and saved his arm, which was so much help to him in his chosen profession.

"He had two brothers in the Confederate army; one resides at /————————, Ark., the other died in the hospital at Ringold, Ga., during the war. My father and two of his brothers were Confederate soldiers.

"My mother was a member of the Eastern Star, and though young, it helped her, too, during the war.

"Respectfully,

"MRS. H. E. N. FISH,

"422 W. 7th St., Topeka, Kans."

"Boliver, Ohio, Sept. 22, 1915.

"Brother Jewell:

"I will endeavor to give you an instance that befell me while in the service.

"I was taken prisoner at the battle of Mine Run, Va., and in surrendering I must have given a sign unknowingly, for I was not a mason until after the war. But at once a Confederate soldier stepped up to me and said, 'I will take care of him.' He took me back to Gen. Lee's camp and said, 'What can I do for you?' I told him I wanted something to eat and a little tobacco. He said, 'All right,' and he went with me to Lynchburg, and from there to Richmond, and at the door of Libby prison shook hands with me and said, 'If we meet again and I am a prisoner, will you do the same for me?' I said to him, 'I surely will, sir,' and he bade me good-by.

"Now I begun to wonder why he took so much interest in me, so after I became a master mason I realized what I had done at the time of my surrender, and

he must have thought I was a brother mason. He was a Virginian, but I failed to ask his name.

"If this will be a benefit to the cause, I shall be glad to have you use it.

"I am fraternally

"S. B. PETREE,

"Capt. Co. G, 126th Regt. O. V. I. Box 224, Boliver, O."

This is another case which we must say is unusual, and in which the Confederate brother performed his full duty, most likely never knowing that he was not aiding a brother mason, which he did finally.

This brother seems to be one of that class who "doeth the will," and not one who sayeth, "Lord, Lord."

"Chelan, Wash., Jan. 5th, 1916.

"J. Jewell, Esq.,

"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir:

"I will relate the following incident:

"In June, 1863, near Eaglesville, Tenn., myself and a comrade were out looking around, and a negro came to us, while we were in the timber, and asked us if we were scouts. We informed him that we were scouting a little. 'Wall, massa, dar is seven Johnnie Rebs, rite now, eaten dinnah at dat hous, and ther guns is set outside by de chimne, sure sir, and if you cud get dem guns, sure sir, youns could capture dem in no time." There were two of us and seven of them, but we rushed in and found the guns, took them away and went to the woods, removed their horses, then took the Johnnies in without any trouble, turned them over to the captain of the provost. While on the road, the Lieut. and I were talking friendly, and I saw him acting somewhat

strangely, but did not know why he did so, and I asked him what he meant.

"He then asked me if I was a mason. I told him no, but wished I was, and would try to be one, if I lived to get home.

"When I turned them over to the captain I told him to treat them well, for they had acted the gentlemen with me, and I believed they were gentlemen, every one of them. In 1888 I was in the general mercantile business in Nebraska, and visited St. Joseph, Mo., and looking over the fire department a stranger kept watching me, watched me for some time, and finally stepped up to me and said: 'Is not your name Long?' I replied, 'Yes, sir.' 'Were you in the army, and did you capture seven Johnnies near Eagleville, Tenn.?' I said, 'You bet I was there, and it was I who did it.' 'Well,' he said, 'I was the Lieut. with that squad, and God bless your old soul, anyway.'

"He turned to the other men and said to them: 'I was out foraging with six other boys and this man, with one more, got the drop on us and took us all in. When he turned me over to the captain of the provost he gave him a kind word for us, and recommended that we be treated like gentlemen, which followed us to the Chicago prison. While there in prison I studied over my condition and thought of the difference of the treatment I was getting, and the treatment he would have had, if I had captured him; in other words, I had fallen in love with the Yankees, finding them much more humane than I had been taught they were.

" 'Not being permitted to talk to the guards, one day I was seated out by myself and near enough to be heard by one of them. I began talking to myself, and said: "I wish to God I could take the oath of allegiance

to the United States and quit fighting," for I did not like it. In a few days after that, when we were in line for roll-call, the officer in charge addressed us something like this: "Men, I have been told that some of you have expressed the desire to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and swear that you will never again take up arms against the United States." After reading over the oath and explaining it to us, he said: "If there are any who have expressed such a desire, step four paces to the front."

" 'I stepped out with my eyes cast down, expecting all my old comrades were looking at me with scorn and contempt. The others were marched back to quarters, and we were ordered to right face and close up, I not knowing but what I was alone, but a friendly hand was laid on my shoulder, and we were marched to headquarters, took the oath and were again free men.

" 'After receiving a good lecture in a very friendly way, a contractor stepped up to us and asked us if we wanted work; we said "yes," and we went to work at good wages, and when we finished that job the contractor took us down to La Salle, Ill., and gave us work until we had earned enough to send for our families.'

"Then he said to me, 'After the war was over, all the seven men you captured stuck together, went down in Missouri and located near Chillicothe, and I see that we are now all masons, and if you should ever come near that section of our country, call on us, and our "latch string will be found outside our doors," and we shall show to you how a brother can entertain a brother; show to you, sir, that the best we have is none too good for you.' That night he and I visited the masonic lodge, and when we adjourned we separated with a

hearty hand-shake and grip, with brotherly love and friendship, which was our second and last meeting.

"Fraternally yours, and in F. C. and L.,

"W. J. LONG,
"Chelan, Wash."

Brother Long is one of the good business men of his city and we learn from that what a brother may do, when he believes his "cause to be just.."

"Hornell, N. Y., March 18, 1916.

"Mr. J. Jewell,
"Pueblo, Colo.

"Dear Sir:

"Replying to your letter of some time ago, which in some way got mislaid, I might say that while I was confined in a Southern prison at Florence, S. C., in 1864, a messmate of mine by the name of Z. H. Young, of Co. B, 101st Regt. Pa. Inft. Vol., to which I belonged, was taken sick, had swelling in the region of the appendix. Anxious to do something for him, I got in conversation with an elderly man, who was himself sick, and who told me he was a mason, and that Col. Iverson, the Confederate commander of the camp, was a mason, and through him he might help him out.

"I told him we wanted some tincture of iodine, blue mass pills and cathartics.

"He said that he could get them for me.

"In a few days he informed me that he had the medicine; that the colonel had to send to Charleston for the goods, and it would cost me $2.50, which I gladly paid him. I used the medicine on my comrade and he soon got well and is living today.

"I believe he would have died, if I had not found the old mason, and through him the Confederate col-

onel, who sent to the city of Charleston for the medicine. I made up my mind then that if I ever got home alive I would join the masonic order, which I did in 1868, and have been affiliated with them ever since.

"Fraternally yours, "GEORGE HOLLANDS,
"Late 1st Lieut. Co. B, 101st Regt. Pa. Vol., Hornell, N. Y."

In this instance, one thing should be considered: At that time, in 1864, everything was high priced, especially in the Southern states, and this good Confederate brother no doubt paid much more for this medicine than he accepted from his Federal brother.

This is not an incident wherein a brother mason assisted a mason, but is one of the most heroic deeds known in this or any other country, and shows to those coming after us the material of which the American soldier was composed at that time, and further, to sustain the fact stated that from 1861 to 1865, the greatest deeds upon the battlefield were performed by the American soldier. I received this instance from the soldier himself, and is as follows:

John W. January, a member of the 14th Regt. Ill. Cav. Vol., was taken prisoner and sent to Andersonville prison, Ga. He soon became ill and was attacked by gangrene in both feet, which began to extend up his limbs, which all knew was fatal, if permitted to continue. He made efforts to have the surgeon amputate his limbs, but for some reason he did not do it, most likely believing his case to be beyond cure. Then for two or three mornings he plead with the surgeon to give him a knife and saw and he would do the work. The surgeon refused with remarks not suitable to be here repeated, which Comrade January said went

through every fibre of his body like a flash of electricity, and he returned the compliments with remarks not suitable to be here recorded. He then made inquiry among the prisoners for a knife, and all he could find was a small bone-handled, single-bladed knife, the blade not exceeding two inches in length, with about one-quarter of an inch of the point of that broken off. With this knife he alone began the work of amputation, commencing about six inches above the ankle, cut and tied the arteries, cut and removed the muscle to the ankle, which he unjointed, removed the foot, which left the bone remain, he having no saw. He said during the operation he received many compliments from his fellow prisoners for his courage and soldierly qualities. He replied to them that he needed rest, and that the next day he would remove the other, which he did, in the same manner. In attempting to return the knife to its owner, the owner replied, "No, sir! My brother soldier, you have well earned that knife. Keep it as long as you live," which was obeyed.

Not very long after he was exchanged and taken into the Union lines where the incident was soon circulated, and he said more than three hundred surgeons viewed his case, every one of whom said he could not live, but he said to them, "Send me to my home and I will take care of that part;" and, he continued, "from the moment that Confederate surgeon said to me what he did, I felt it within my whole being that I would live and get well, and was determined within myself to get well."

At this point I put my hand on his shoulder and said to him, "My dear brother, you thank that Confederate surgeon for saying to you what he did, for that

alone saved your life, and nothing else would or could have saved you," to which he agreed.

He gave me his three photographs, one taken when he arrived in the Union lines, one sitting in a chair with both artificial limbs removed, and the other standing. He said when he was taken prisoner he weighed 185 pounds, and when he related the instance to me he must have weighed about the same. The photo taken when arriving in the Union lines, he was laid on a couch, void of clothing, except a little drapery around his loins, the bone of one of his legs had necrosed and broken off, the other remained, extending about six inches. His weight then was 45 pounds, and from his appearance no one could believe a human being so near a skeleton could ever live, but the God-given power within saved him.

COMMENTS

From the instances herein given, every true mason must be duly and truly prepared to receive the object intended he should obtain. The whole object is for the purpose of adding whatever can be offered to aid brother masons in keeping our order, so far as it be possible, in its purity, and that the noble deeds of our heroic brethren in one of the greatest civil strifes on record, may not have been performed in vain, go unrecorded and be forever lost.

The instances are written by those who performed the deeds themselves, in their own way and in their own words, which gives a correctness beyond anything that could be obtained in any other way.

In this conflict the battle line was practically from ocean to ocean, east and west. Three thousand miles and more, out of which territory empires might be formed. During the time more than seven thousand battles, large and small, were fought, and for greatness, all things considered, many cannot be surpassed, and for long and brilliant campaign, through difficulties, hardships and privations, there are no equals, as recorded by the best writers. In the midst of all this, brother extended to brother the right hand of relief, whenever and wherever the call was made, without reservation or hesitation, danger or no danger.

In that day there was an inexhaustible supply of suitable material out of which good masons could be made. The word of these parties was as good as a bond, and but few wanted a dollar which did not legally belong to them. They would not say "give us this day

our daily bread," then take his neighbor's loaf, hence these noble deeds during those long years.

When the mighty scenes were to conclude, which was at Apommatox, Va., April 9th, 1865, the two chieftains, General Ulysses Simpson Grant, commanding the army of the United States, and General Robert Edward Lee, commanding the army of the Confederate States, within sixty minutes prepared, signed, sealed and delivered terms of capitulation and settlement of the whole subject, and did it so generously and deep in meaning, yet so simple, that no lawyer, justice or statesman on either side ever attempted to make any change in the stipulations.

The great beauty of it all was, when the end did come, practically all, on both sides, who had performed their duty at the front so well and so long, rejoiced with a joy known only to such veterans, that it was the end of the great war; and at the surrender, as the command was given to brigade after brigade of the Confederates, "Stack arms," each time the command was given by the Federals receiving the surrender, "Present arms," a soldier's salute, all that he can give to the President of the United States or anyone else. Then in a way heretofore unknown they extended to each other the right hand of comradeship and true brotherly love, bade each other farewell and departed in peace, each to meet his dear ones at home. Since which time, in the reunions of the "Blue and the Gray," there is nearer universal brotherly love and friendship extended, comrade to comrade and brother to brother, than can be found in any other class or order of men.

It is a well known fact that during the past fifty years, an ex-federal soldier among ex-confederates, anywhere in the South, fears no danger, as he has no

better friends, and an ex-confederate anywhere in the North, was equally well protected, as an American citizen. We are human, and there are exceptions, but there was a tie which bound all together—hardships, privations and the fire of battle, binding all the good and true with a band which cannot nor never will be severed.

Another beauty; this is purely American and belongs to no other people; none are so noble and generous to his brother, when the time presents itself, that he should be so, and as Paul stood up and said, "I am a Roman," so may we, with a bountiful supply of good reasons and with a lofty satisfaction say, "We are Americans," and as to the amount of this good work done by our brother mason, "The half hath not been told," and in this world can never be known.

Being convinced that our good and noble women should be mentioned, and of right are entitled to space in this record, for this purpose only, I mention the following instance, showing that American women can perform noble deeds as well as American men.

In 1911 at our Dept. Encampment, Colo. & Wyo., G. A. R., at Salida, Colo., I was requested by the Woman's Relief Corps, then in session, to address their meeting, and I stated to them that about all I desired to say was to give them a very rare compliment, which was this: that in years past I had attended a large number not only of their meetings but those of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Daughters of Union Veterans, both in their local meetings and those of the Dept., and never on any occasion had I heard a word spoken uncomplimentary of the ex-confederate soldier or the members of their associate orders, which was a compliment so rare that it was a question if such

could be found in any other organized body of women, and that it was not only a gratification to me, but I considered myself highly honored to be able to confer upon them such a compliment.

Mrs. Lillie Inman of Pueblo, Dept. president, presiding, arose and said: "Comrade Jewell, we are not organized for any such purpose; the object of our organization is for the more noble and glorious purpose, that of caring for the Union veterans, their widows and orphans, and to teach loyalty to our country and its flag."

To this I could not help replying: "Mrs. President, you have added compliment to compliment, and may you ever so continue without deviation, and God will crown your efforts not only in this world, but in the world to come."

We are to remember that many of the members of these orders or associations are the mothers, wives, widows, sisters and daughters of master masons, and we here observe a manifestation of fraternity and charity seldom found among men or women.

Our Order of the Eastern Star, founded upon the divine law, whose members are guided and directed by Him who always leads his children to victory and happiness, if true to their obligations, is certainly the most noble organization among women.

More beauty and harmony exists in this order than can be found in any other.

A few of our brothers, at least, do know how the angelic work of members of the Eastern Star binds us to the good people while on earth. But for the comprehension of it all, we must wait until we safely land into that masonic mansion where the noble deeds of true

brothers and sisters are all realized in full, yet this our order has a work to do.

To live up to our vows with real fidelity places upon each of us a duty and a responsibility, but few of us realize—duties which can not be here enumerated; but to always devotedly stand by a sister or brother in the right, though assailed by the world, is a rare quality, a quality which should be possessed by every brother and sister of our order.

This could be done, and then how much more pleasant it would be for us to "dwell together."

Yes, my dear brother, the Blue and the Gray, under no circumstances criticise your brother for what was then honestly done, and for the hardships and privations through which we were all compelled to pass, let us murmur not, for since our discharge and return to our home and friends, is it not the heavy burdens we bore of which we desire to speak? Is it not the fact that we did not guard prisoners or hold some fort away back in the rear and never saw the "angry flash of glittering bayonets" that we speak with pleasure? No, it is the ten, twenty, thirty or more great battles through which we passed of which we may converse with gratification, though most of us prefer to say but little.

Soon we shall be discharged from these heavy earthly burdens, and as we in 1865 returned to our earthly homes and received those precious temporary joys, can we not have the faith that over the way we shall receive joys or crowns of happiness as much greater in splendor as heavenly things are more sublime than those of earth.

What that meeting is to be we can no more conjecture nor comprehend than we can some of those

mighty mysteries of the earth and the universe, which belong to the divine trestle-board, and all, especially masons, are at perfect liberty to "choose this day whom we shall serve," and if we choose like unto the wise, it is written, that it shall be said unto us, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

MASONRY

There never was, and in all human probability there never will be, a better practical answer given to the question, "What is masonry?" than is here given by our brethren, from 1861 to 1865. What can a brother mason do for a brother mason? What can masonry do for me? is all answered as well as it ever can be answered by man. Here we see how brethren, under unprecedented circumstances, obey the obligated call, permitting nothing to prevent, manifesting to all that they had devotedly lived these principles or tenets until they had become a part of their very being, the only true masonry we have.

Nothing has ever extended farther or gone deeper down in the battles of life to aid and rescue a brother than is here manifested.

We all understand that masonry is not a religion, it is not intended as such, but it brings us together at the Altar which keeps within us that faith and truth which makes us men and brethren.

True religion would do all this, but that which is not true has failed and always will fail.

The rock upon which our order so firmly rests, is the Word itself; within the Holy Bible it is all contained.

All is from the God of all, and makes us aware of the divinity within us, opening plainly to our minds that all evil ways have been tried by man, and all found to be but vanity.

The church receives its foundation principles or doctrine from the same source, the Bible and should be equally efficient in fitting man for these duties, brother

to brother, but it has never done so, and there is but little indication that it ever will.

Religion of the Church is between God and man; that of masonry is between man and his brother: Both of Divine origin.

Take a church member who has lived truly, faithfully and devotedly to all the obligations imposed upon him by his church and by the Word of God, and a member of our order who has lived equally true and faithful to all that to which he has been obligated and promised to obey, and can you decide which of the two is the better brother? If a brother mason asserts and insists that his order is a religion sufficiently good for him it is wise and best to take no issue with him; if a brother in the church differ with him, it is wise to let him differ and have his opinion or view of the subject, for this is but masonry.

Both must elevate their views to motives higher and better, avoiding the discussion of such minor matters, which can do no good, and which can never be decided by man.

It may be here written as an axiom, that no class of men are more sanguine in their cause than those who are in the wrong, and who are leading their friends as well as themselves to destruction. True masonry leads us not in such paths, but teaches us that to be brave is to be gentle, truthful and firm; always to look upon the folly of man, remembering well the nobility within him.

In all the past there have been those who have united with the orders, the church, and even the sacred ministry, purely for mercenary purposes, and it must be admitted that such is the fact at the present; but that those are so few that the great body of brethren

have performed their work so faithfully and well, all should rejoice and fear no danger.

We hear it murmured that masonic students, political leaders and others, are so rapidly finding their way into our order, that evil results will surely follow, but let not our hearts be troubled.

It has always been so predicted; the theoretic portion of the world from the beginning has annoyed the good people with prophetic dangers which never came to pass, so we may safely "fear no danger."

Masonry is peace, it is law and good government, and if all were masons there never could be imposed upon our brethren such wholesale human misery, and such destruction of property and human lives as our neighbors in the east now experience. To say this is not a direct sequel of a mighty wrong somewhere and in direct opposition to masonry would be to dispute or forsake the divine law.

That there are wrongs in this great conflict of which we know nothing there no longer remains a doubt, and it is to be assumed that these bands protecting the wrongs must be severed, leaving the people purer and better, with good men and true in control.

The instances here related by our brethren give them a satisfaction which can never be erased from their memories, nor can they be forgotten by our brethren.

They elevate us, lifting our minds and souls to "Him who maketh the rich and the poor to meet together. He maketh them all."

There seems to be nothing so beautifully arranged as to realize the fact that there is one altar before which we all may be placed and bow, sacrificing no portion of our liberty of thought, nor for any kind of sec-

tarianism, accepting only that which comes from the Book of Books; receiving wisdom which gives us that satisfaction the world can not give nor take from us.

BECOMING A MASON

Man never entered a more sacred or solemn service than he does, when becoming a mason.

When God's people, guided and directed by Him, took possession of the promised land, the first thing they builded an altar, and as soon as the occasion was suitable the temple was built, all dedicated in the most solemn manner to the most high God.

Those handling the holy vessels and opening the Ark must be as near pure and holy as man could be, or they fell dead in the attempt.

If our order did not originate during that period, or was not then fashioned in a degree as we now find it, the time certainly was the most suitable, as in no other period did God so plainly and directly hand the divine law to His people, as He did at that time. Our ancient brethren were so prepared that in performing and passing through these sacred duties were not only justified themselves, but it was accepted as a sufficient sacrifice for the whole people.

It cannot be said that our order and its duties are any less sacred than were those of our ancient brethren, they coming exactly from the same source. When the door of the lodge is first opened unto us, even before, we are reminded of the sacred oracles; how brief our advance, when, if never before, we learn the importance of the confession of faith and to trust in Him, in whom all things trusted, can never fail.

We are soon most solemnly promising, as did the priests in preparation to appear at the altar, that we will be men and brethren, and that we will do unto a

brother as we would have him do unto us. In all our progression we are continuously confronted with these most solemn obligations and duties, which we, even with gratification, assume and accept. The temple, the ark, the altar and all the vessels were kept pure and holy; no "unclean thing" could be brought in or about the temple.

As long as this devotion to principle continued, they prospered and governed the world; but later generations, assuming these sacred duties, partook of the evils and follies attending wealth and power; they lost their fidelity to the sacred trust confided to them, became wicked, and the fall of the nation and its people was the inevitable result.

The temple also fell, "not one stone having been left upon another," that there might be no mark or semblance showing that there had even been such a thing as the temple.

Remember well, my brother, that notwithstanding this destruction of property and the making of the people captives, masonry and the Word did not "perish from the Earth," but were found in the rubbish, though the enemy believed all were lost. All along our pathway of life God places unmistakable guide-boards to direct His people, and in this no brother can be misguided; it is as plain as the Word can be written; and in becoming a mason we must see to it that we do not assume the follies attending the wealth and power of our nation, lose our fidelity, and gather the same harvest as did our brethren of old.

In becoming a mason no brother can say that our temple or lodge room should not be maintained as pure and sacred from every evil as was the original temple.

God has changed nothing; in no portion of His

work can there be found where any change has ever been made; therefore, there can be "no unclean thing brought in or about our temple" or lodge room, that is offensive or unpleasant to any good brother.

No brother must every attempt to bring into an order the new fashions, to amuse and entertain, if impure, for in becoming a mason we are obliged to never do this.

When we assume all our masonic duties and become a master workman we ought to be fitted for good work, throughout all the world, and whether we realize it or not, we are preachers as well as masons and teachers, making our neighbor, as well as our brother, either better or worse, good or bad.

It is not necessary always to speak; it is the life we are giving to those with whom we are surrounded; it is the things we dare to say and do, when it is right and proper they should be said or done, and the things we dare not say or do, when they ought not be said or done, which makes us valuable men and masons.

We are a part of the environment in which God's children are molded into noble men and women, or are sent to moral destruction, and we must be accountable for our fidelity to the obligation we have so freely assumed.

Every brother mason who has borne his reasonable portion of life's problems has, or will be, confronted with duties, wherein to brave all opposition and perform his work as he sees the right, will require more moral courage than it would do to charge over the cannon in battle; but if he be of pure material, the wisdom he has obtained will safely bear him through to victory with gratification, and more strength than he had before will be given him.

It will be seen in a number of these instances from '61 to '65, that to be a mason for these brethren meant this courage, meant this duty performed, letting consequences care for themselves.

It must be conclusive that our lodge rooms or halls are so sacred, and of right ought to be, that nothing offensive, defensive or questionable can, upon any grounds of right, be admitted therein, and no brother has any right, moral or otherwise, to attempt a violation of this most sacred trust conferred upon all of us.

If a brother must partake of these things questionable, the whole secular world is open to him—most of it invites him—but to bring any form of these things into our hall or banquet room which would offend and force the retirement of a christian brother or divine, is a flagrant violation of what we have all assumed, and by which the standard of our order would be lowered in the estimation of all, even by the outside world.

No brother can risk his own good name by advocating these things, when for these thousands of years they have been so honestly and faithfully avoided. In becoming masons all may know whatever is necessary for us to know; we need not wrong a brother mason; we can tell him the truth and deal with him as we would have him deal with us.

We can love and obey God with all our hearts, as He has ordered, and love our neighbor as ourself.

Oh, yes, we can if we will, which is by no means saying we must make associates of all, for we know there are those we must avoid, but for whom, as human beings, we may have more love and respect than they have for themselves.

It is well known that some of the most depraved among us can so deceive the eyes of the world that they

are believed to be models of charity, virtue and human kindness, but as masons we can but rejoice and give thanks that the number of such is so few, and that in the great human family there is so much good.

Notice, from 1861 to 1865 this "good" "bubbled up" on every occasion; it could not help being so, and so it will ever be. Here again we are reminded that all the evil in the human family comes from the violation of the divine law, and it is equally true, that all our real pleasure and happiness are the reward of its obedience.

Still further: a brother mason must have candor, a reasonable supply of intelligence and a broad range of view, that he may be able to render a sound, liberal and candid judgment in matters certain to confront each of us as we journey through life.

Man, composed of soul and body, and, while on earth, inseparably one, is one of the greatest of all mysteries; is but giving us more light as to trinity: "the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit," three in one; man, two in one, inseparable. Our body is earthly, and only a robe which we lay aside in the end. The soul is divine, which ascends to Him who gave it, again to be robed suitably for the divine temple.

Here these things cannot be known, for they are divine. There we shall have part in divine wisdom and shall know all, and how unwise for anyone while here to waste their golden moments attempting to explain to his brother how the soul and body will then be united.

Finally, we learn that man is too great and valuable to engage in any undertaking, except that which is good, pure and sacred; that God created us in His own image and placed us, not only on this earth, with all its bounties, beauties and mysteries, but in the sidereal

heavens, where we may view a portion, at least, of the gigantic wonders of Him who created all things.

There, to reasonably conclude, that there may be a great, grand center, around which all these mighty systems of worlds revolve, providing a place perfect for that temple made by the Divine Architect, from living "Ashlars," hewn and polished unto perfection; where the prince may receive wisdom from his subjects; the peer led into beauties and grandeurs by his humble peasant; in that world where distinction of birth, fortune or anything else earthly, except that founded on virue and holiness, are forever abolished and unknown. There "we know not what we shall be," which must mean that the grandeur is so far beyond all human comprehension that we are now unable to know, but "the veil shall be rent," then, being true masons, we shall know.

THE DIVINE TRESTLE BOARD

The astronomical universe is the great Trestle Board of Jehovah. The designs upon which are thereon drawn we might search a thousand lifetimes for light and obtain but a few grains of knowledge from that great "Sea Beach" of the divine store-house.

This earth, our temporary home, containing more than 260 billion cubic miles, with its 300 millions cubic miles of water in its oceans, all weighing two thousand billion tons, and with all its business, precious freight, as it daily revolves, causes us to continuously travel a thousand miles or more per hour east, besides, in its annual travels, we are wafted sixty-eight thousand miles per hour, and in such regularity and exactness that, thereby, all our time pieces are regulated.

And still further to consider that this great and good earth is but an inexhaustible store-house, furnishing every conceivable comfort and luxury, not only for all masons but for the whole human family.

In this, all God requires of us is that with the "working tools of life" we extract from the earth these bounties and this wealth.

Why He so ordered this work upon our part is a mystery we shall never know while here, but we do know that if honestly and faithfully obeyed, contentment and happiness will follow; and equally true, all the evils follow its disobedience. Coming nearer and examining the details, as it were, of the great drawings, we learn that "Solomon in all his glory" was not arrayed as is one of the lilies of the field; that in every drop of water we drink there are living creatures, and

in some kinds of water, in each drop, there are a million and more animalcules, differing in kind, and so far as we can learn, living in harmony.

Take a pinch of earth from the dried-up, stagnant pond, pulverize it and blow it into the water, and it will teem with millions of God's living creatures.

If the parts composing the air we breathe were separated and we were to take a breath of one of the parts only, instant death would follow, yet the composition we must have, every breath of our lives.

The action of this air on the human system, through the lungs, giving us our daily life, is truly wonderful. The internal portions of these lungs of ours, a hundred and more square yards in extent, are "celled," like unto a honey comb, and every breath we draw the blood is forced in and fills these cells, as the bee fills the comb with its honey, the air rushes in and the blood in every cell is baptized with this heaven-born fluid, a portion of the oxygen is retained, giving the blood its crimson color, the balance is expelled, carrying with it the impurities from the body, the pure blood returning to the place from whence it came, and all is ready and prepared for the same process in the next breath.

Scientists inform us that there are more than a thousand million of these cells in the lungs of each of us, and more than a hundred times that many pores in the body to accommodate perspiration; and so we might continue with the eye and every other portion of the body.

We desire to extend our right hand to a brother, and it is done, but no man can tell why it obeys our command. Physiologists will answer that it is the contraction of the muscle, which we know to be true.

but to know why the muscle contracts at our will we may as well ask the red man of the forest.

Considering the human body, it can be said, "we are wonderfully and mysteriously made." "The word was spoken and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." It is not to be wondered that our Great Teacher said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it up."

This must be the crowning work drawn by the Great Architect, and that these temples of ours be preserved and maintained in health and purity, so far as it be possible for us to do, is the life work of every true brother mason, for we are again reminded that the evils never fail to follow the violation of the law.

Examining that portion of the drawings which exhibit to us the extent of creation, we find wonders in that direction. We see in the moon and other satellites of the solar system drawn out until we are amazed.

We find the sun to be twelve thousand times the size of the earth, and its soft rays coming to us at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles per second, and a million of the particles thereof are not as large as a grain of sand. Still further out, we find other planets, many thousand times larger than the sun and going through space at a rate which cannot be comprehended.

Still further away out in the heavens, we find the nearest fixed star to be at least twenty billions of miles from the earth and these luminous bodies must all be suns, similar to ours, giving light and life to systems of worlds, giving habitation for countless legions of individual beings in the boundless regions of the most Worshipful King of Kings, who caused these wonders to start at His command and who every moment commands all.

Jesus said unto them, "destroy this Temple, and in three days I will raise it up."

"When I consider the Heavens the work of Thy hands, the sun, moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou are mindful of him."

"We know not what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in store for him." All of which may be found upon this Divine Trestle Board by diligent search.

CAUSE OF THE WAR

That other nations, those outside of the United States, may understand why this nation should have had such a civil war, this article is given, and for this purpose only.

From prior to the establishment of the government of the United States slavery had existed in some form. Later, all the Northern states, by statute, abandoned slavery, the Southern states retaining the institution.

For generations our statesmen made all efforts to in some way settle or determine the institution, especially in the new states being admitted into the Union from the great West, but their efforts were not only of no avail, but the question continued to become more unsettled.

No one knew what was to be done, or what could be done. In 1860 and early in 1861 eleven of these Southern states, South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina and Tennessee, withdrew or seceded from the Union of the United States, forming a separate government called the Confederate States of America, which they claimed they had a right to do, and which they claimed would peaceably settle the whole question.

In 1860 Abraham Lincoln had been elected president of the United States, but did not assume his office until March 4, 1861, and James Buchanan, president at the time, remained quiet and inactive during the time, permitting this new confederacy to arm and prepare for war, and when President Lincoln took his seat as chief executive the Civil War was a reality.

The administration or people of the United States decided that this separation permitted, other states had the same rights to withdraw from the Union, which was the destruction or downfall of the American republic, but no preparation for war was made by the government, as most all in the Northern or free states, believed that both sections were a people too high in civilization to go to war, and all remained at their peaceful avocations. The bombardment and capture of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, South Carolina, April 12-14th, 1861, by the Confederates, was the beginning of hostilities, and it was then known there was to be a great war, and a war to a finish on both sides.

No nation of people ever volunteered and prepared for defense more rapidly than did those for the Union, at that time the government having practically no munitions of war, no money at all, and not exceeding 20,000 troops. In clearing out the treasury vaults, three old type copper cents were found, and the soldiers of the Union army never failed to boast of the fact that the treasury of the United States never had been bankrupt.

The uniform of the United States soldier was blue in color, that of the Confederate gray.

The Confederate government adopted a flag—the stars and bars, and every Confederate soldier knew exactly what he was fighting for—that of the independence of his Confederacy.

The flag of the United States was the same as now—the Stars and Stripes, and every Union or Federal soldier knew exactly what he was fighting for—the defense of his country—the United States—and until April 9th, 1865, the surrender at Appomatox, Va., each

side made such a defense for their cause as Americans only can make.

It was wicked war, and as to the destruction of life and property, both sides gave a full measure, neither side having any right or grounds to criticise after it had been brought upon the people, and as brethren let us not murmur, for in a few brief moments we shall all know what it meant; why it was necessary; why we should fight each other so desperately; for it must have been necessary, or it would not have been so.

For out of this destruction; from the rubbish of these ruins, was born a new nation; a nation which leaped forward to everything which makes a good and great people, beyond anything known in the world's history.

When it was ended a million and a half or more of the Blue and the Gray, now better able and better schooled for the work than any other class of people, moved to the great West, the result of which is: All our virgin territory has been carved into states, a number of them being sufficiently large for an empire. Texas alone, containing more than 265,000 square miles; 246 counties and a property value of ten billion dollars and more.

In each and all of these states is a civilization sufficiently good for the home of any christian or brother mason.

From a population of 35,000,000 in 1860, our nation now has a population of 100,000,000, and from a wealth in 1860 of sixteen billion dollars to two hundred billion and more at the present time.

Oh, suppose there was a destruction of property, it must have been necessary that the foundation of which, the evil within man, directly in conflict with

masonry, be removed. Surely there was a tie or bond which must be broken that we be loosed and become such a people as we now are; that we of a truth may say, we are a people having life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Masons must remember that always and over all things, there is an All-Seeing Eye, and for us who took part, how few the precious moments, when over the way it will be plain to us all why it was; why it was so ordered.

We must submit to this, that it was so ordered, for man proposes but God disposes of all things, and it is well. Out of this "rubbish" I say, the greatest nation has been laid out upon the earthly trestle-board, and the great structure is before us. Certainly there is a work before us in the future—even now. In God's arrangement of all things we must know he has a work for us, and if we be true masons and brethren we should be guided by his word. It is not a hard matter for us to know, each for himself, what that work is.

Prior to 1865 we were a divided people and could do nothing as a nation for good. Since then we have been united and are able to subdue the world, not with swords, machine guns and poisonous gases, but we are now able to say to the people of nations less favored: "If you are hungry and but scantily clad, speak the word and you shall be supplied, for we now have plenty and to spare. We do not want your lands nor property, we have all we need and more than necessary."

My brethren and comrades, it was not my idea of the way to bring about this unitedness, nor do I suppose it was yours, but it was effectually done and I am of the faith that those gone before us are now singing praises, saying "He manageth all things well and doeth all things well."

I would be unfaithful, not only to this cause, but to my brethren and myself, did I not state the fact that John C. Calhoun, and Daniel Webster, in their discussion in the United States Senate, prepared the foundation for this conflict. These were two mighty American men and statesmen. With great force, Calhoun laid down the principles of the state rights theory and almost anyone reading his speeches, without reading Webster's reply thereto, could not help believing that the supreme power of our land was, and of right ought to be, vested within the states.

Webster, in his reply, built a monument of theories in which he stated that the principles advocated by his opponent, were not only destructive, but adhered to by our country, would terminate its existence.

That the supreme law of our nation was within the government of the United States, to which all parties, whomsoever, must of right, unconditionally submit. No man not reading the speeches of both these statesmen, honestly and faithfully for truth, before God, is capable of giving his brother any information or advice in the case.

Any brother having any scruple upon the subject, may read these speeches and surely he will receive more light, all in fact, he needs. It is the lack of this light or wisdom, free to us all, which cause all to mourn.

Finally, comrades and brethren, South and North, does it not place us in a higher and more noble state of mind or existence to realize that the time cannot be very long until we shall forever let fall from our hands the implements of this life and join that grand lodge of brethren, in that love-feast where the Great Teacher is the class leader; when the points of the compass will be unknown; no East, no West, no

North, or South; and, while here, realizing that all are surrounded with sufficient to give us all necessary earthly happiness, and our duty is to return to the world as good a supply of such as it is possible for us to give.

WAR

God said, "Because my people have forgotten me and burned incense to vanity and walked after other gods, behold I will give this city unto the king of Babylon; he shall burn it with fire; I will make the cities of Judah a desolation."

The prophet prayed before God and plead with the king to forsake his evil ways and obey the law and be loyal to his trust, but the king laughed and said, "Go on with the amusements." The prophet said to the king, "Never before nor never again will you behold what you now see," and again plead with the king to have his people forsake their wickedness and follies and obey God, or he could not see the promised land. The king said "bring in more wine, bring in more damsels, and go on with the dance; the prophet is good, but much learning has made him mad." We know what followed; the king did go to the city, but he never saw it, his eyes having been put out in the presence of his sons, for losing his fidelity, before arriving at the city. God's laws never change; what were good and just laws then are equally good and just now; and what was wicked then is just as wicked now, and will so continue until the angel says, "Time is no more." War, the greatest evil among men is condemned from Genesis to Revelations, giving no christian brother or any other person authority or right of any kind to aid in such, except it be to protect his home or property.

We are a christian nation and look with satisfaction upon our churches and great institutions of learning, worshipping the true God, and at the same time building armies and navies as rapidly as we are able

to place the heavy burdens upon the people. Burdens which unborn millions must pay, mason as well as others.

Just prior to the present war in the east, their navies were viewed with pride by the crowned heads, and were pronounced the greatest and grandest in the world's history. What might any Bible student expect to follow but the greatest war, the greatest number of our good brethren slaughtered, and nearly half the world in mourning for the dead and maimed for life.

The estimated cost of this war to the present time (July, 1916), is seventy-five billions of dollars, a sufficient sum to supply all the needy of the world. The military man and others who love war for promotion and other interests connected therewith, are dangerous among a people desiring peace. In the present important period of our history, were it possible to place a quietus upon all those who hope to procure commissions or promotions for themselves and friends, and those who expect vast incomes by supplying the necessary equipment for the "preparedness," it would be one of the quietest subjects before our people, and good men and brethren would rejoice and praise God. It is so easy for men of title to frighten the masses of any people by describing the great destruction of property on their coasts by the navies of foreign powers, such horrible things as never did occur nor never will. It is so easily done. It is grand, indeed, to behold miles of glistening dreadnaughts and submarines and the mighty military, but the other side, God's side, if you please, must be considered. With deliberation, consider the toiling millions in the fields, in the work shops and in all the other avenues of life who are mortgaged (many for life), and who must pay for all this pomp

and glory. Nations who exist by the sword must expect to die by the sword; all the old nations whose people defied God's laws and lived by the sword, assumed that depravity which inevitably follows, and fell by the sword. At present the whole world seems to be crazed over "Preparedness," each nation endeavoring to build a navy sufficient to subdue any other nation, a condition never before known; a condition that the good people of this nation must meet honestly, faithfully and bravely, or permit civilization to suffer. At St. Helena Napoleon was asked who was the greatest general and warrior, and he at once replied, "Christ, the great teacher," and no one knew this great truth better than did Napoleon. Self defense of home and country is the first law of the government of man, and none have accomplished this more ably than masons, but when principle is debauched and converted into conquest for gain and power, "countless thousands must mourn."

The Great Teacher could have marshalled millions and ordered them to victory, but He said to Peter, "Put up thy sword." Had our brethren in the east been without large armies and navies, who for a moment believes there would now be this great war? Is the time not now at hand when brethren and christians should cease boasting of our up-to-date civilization and at once establish better conditions among men, knowing well, where there are such gigantic evil results there must be a cause, for this principle belongs upon the divine trestle board, and it can never deviate. Today we are the greatest nation of people the world ever knew; our forefathers laid the foundation for this powerful superstructure and it has been truthfully said

that we are but living off the fruits of their wisdom and labor.

During our national existence we have been continually warned by those ancestors that a large army and navy was a burden and a curse to a nation of peaceable, good people, and now we may all know this advice came from statesmen, possessing wisdom. Strange to say, a large element in our country are making their best efforts to force a war between the United States and Mexico, a people already burdened to the utmost with a civic war among ourselves. We could subdue them without doubt, if there be no intervention by other nations, but for what purpose should a great nation like ours invade such a nation, already in distress? We are informed that those people—neighbors of ours—by the tens of thousands, are suffering for food and clothing, and to assail that country with an army sufficient to fight one general battle would cost a hundred million dollars, and when it would be finally settled, for generations to come, they, our near neighbors would be our bitterest enemies, and the cause would make them justifiable. We could load vessels and trains with a million or ten million dollars' worth of supplies, and with this weapon for a brother, invade that country and say to them, "You are our neighbors; we do not want war, nor do we want your lands. If you are hungry and poorly clad, come and be fed and clothed, without money or price." We have plenty, and then see that this duty was faithfully and honestly done. Why do we not do this? Echo only says, why? Can anyone say this is not our duty, brother to brother, for before God we are all brothers. This done, and for a hundred years or more these people would be our

allies to such a degree that our friendly relations could never be severed.

In the event an enemy should attempt to assail us from our southern boundary, in Mexico, we would have a devoted ally, when otherwise we would have a bitter enemy. Having one of the greatest guide boards at our own door and without referring to the justice or injustice in any way. In 1861 the United States, with no army or navy, and practically no guns, was confronted by a powerful and most valiant army, and though the whole outside world said it was useless to attempt a defense, the country could not be saved, but it was not only saved, but in 1865 we had become so much greater that no nation would deem it wise to even slight our flag on the high seas. This was to be a peaceable movement, there was to be no war, as we all well remember, the same as all others; and it is a dull student who does not know that our "unpreparedness" is all that saved this government from destruction.

In the language of our Great Teacher, I say these things, not because you do not know the truth and the facts, but because you do know them to be facts.

We are a great and good people, but "eternal vigilence" and devotedly adhering to the execution of our laws only will continue us so to be.

It is for our theologians and all other good people to decide, each for himself or herself, whether, under "the all-seeing eye" they are performing their duty with full measure, as the light has been given them, or whether from moral weakness or some other cause you are failing to do so. No one can say he does not know the "Golden Rule," in which we find all the law. If we have eyes and ears, we know what they are for. If our eye or right hand offend us, we know what to do.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS

The brother who reads this work, especially the veterans, both North and South, will desire to know who the writer is and what part was taken by him from 1861 to 1865, for which reason only this section is written.

I am the youngest of five brothers; was born near Martinsburg, Ohio, Sept. 15th, 1836, worked hard for my father on the farm where I was born, until past twenty-one years of age; have worked hard ever since, and practically every day now give full service for one man in my office, and am truly thankful for the ability to do so.

I have always devoted my best attention to my health—especially to the hygiene part, as obtained from the best physiologists—my age now not generally being considered more than 60 or 65.

What education I received was at the common or district school, the Cardington, Ohio, graded school, and the Martinsburg, Ohio, academy, and taught two terms of school prior to my enlistment in the service. In May, 1862, I placed my petition in Ohio Lodge No. 199, A. F. and A. M., and, unexpectedly, about two weeks later, June 3rd, enlisted under Captain Steen B. Parks, in Co. I, 85th Regt., O. V. I., for three months, served near four months at Columbus, Ohio, and in the state of Kentucky.

Saw some hard service in the state of Kentucky, but escaped battles. Prior to being discharged from this service, I re-enlisted under Captain Parks, in Co. F, 125th Regt., O. V. I., Col. Emerson Opdycke, for

three years. The regiment left Cleveland, Ohio, for Stone River, but the battle ended before we could arrive there.

With other troops, the regiment arrived at Nashville, Tenn., and became a part of the Army of Cumberland, and so remained to the close of the war. On February 12th, 1863, our regiment, with a number of others, marched to Franklin, eighteen miles south of Nashville, the 125th being in the advance, waded the Harpeth river, fully waist deep, in the midst of a sharp little battle with the enemy, driving them through the city and a mile or two south.

Here we remained several weeks. The reserve picket post of the 125th being located in the noted "Carter House" yard. By invitation, I spent a number of pleasant hours with Mr. Carter, whom I found to be a pleasant and agreeable gentleman, the family also being kind to us. Prior to the Talahoma and Chicamauga campaigns, the 125th became a part of the 3rd Brig., 1st Div., 21st A. C., and passing through these campaigns, at the battle of Chicamauga, on Sunday, Sept. 20, 1863, it was our brigade which was ordered to the left, leaving a "'gap" in the line, through which the vigilant Confederate Gen. Longstreet rushed his veterans, practically without opposition, severing our line of battle and cutting out, during the rest of the battle, Gen. Sheridan, with about ten thousand of our best troops.

It was at this point and later in the day, on Snodgrass Hill, that Col. Opdycke and the 125th received great distinction for heroic deeds on the field of battle. It was here on Snodgrass Hill that Col. Opdycke made one of his memorable expressions, which was this: After Gen. Thomas had said to him two or three times,

"Colonel, you must hold this hill until night; it is the key to the position; this point lost, and the day is lost."

With that voice known to Confederates as well as Federals, he replied: "General, we will hold this hill or go to heaven from it." It was held until the end of the battle.

After the battle, our army falling back to Chattanooga, Tenn., the 125th became part of the 1st Brig., 2nd Div., 4th A. C., in which corps we remained until the war closed and we were discharged, except for a short time was transferred to the 3d Brig. Passing through the battle of Chattanooga, including Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain (where our battle line extended above the clouds), it was the Cumberland army, including the 4th A. C., which successfully charged Missionary Ridge, closing the battle favorably to us.

Immediately after the battle the 4th A. C., with other troops, made a forced march to Knoxville, Tenn., to relieve our army there under Gen. Burnsides, being besieged by the Confederate army under Gen. Longstreet. Before we arrived there Gen. Longstreet made his noted charge on Ft. Saunders, then retreated into east Tennessee. We followed as far as Danbridge, a little too far, where we had some hard fighting, and we found it to our personal interest to fall back to the vicinity of Strawberry Plains.

The campaign of 1863 had now closed, it being January, 1864, very cold, and we camped at Louden, Tenn., a month or two. The 1st of May we were at Cleveland, a short distance east of Chattanooga, a part of Gen. Sherman's army, and from that point, on the 5th day of May, 1864, started on the "Atlanta campaign," one of the greatest on record, it being a con-

tinual battle, day and night, for four months and more.

In this the 125th took part in the following general battles: Rocky Race Ridge, Resaca, Adairsville, Cassville, New Hope Church, Pine Mountain, Muddy Creek, Rome, Dallas, Kenesaw Mountain, Nancy Creek, Big Shanty, Peachtree Creek, Siege of Atlanta, Jonesboro, and Lovejoy Station, all in Georgia. After the capture of Atlanta Gen. Sherman divided his army, preparatory to his campaign to the eastern coast, leaving the 4th A. C., with the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by Gen. Thomas, whose duty it was to confront the Confederate army, now commanded by Gen. Hood. The result was Gen. Thomas was compelled to make the memorable retreat to Nashville, Tenn., fighting the battles of Columbia, Spring Hill and Franklin, in Tennessee, before arriving there.

It seemed to be a coincident, at the battle of Franklin, that, after a lapse of nearly a year and a half, Col. Opdycke, with the 125th and the balance of our brigade, rushed into the "Carter House Yard" and re-established our lines, which had been broken by the Confederates.

For the time it lasted this was considered the most desperate conflict during the whole four years. This was November 30th, 1864. It was fatal to us to not re-establish the line; it was fatal to them to have it done. Col. Opdycke received credit for it all, to which he was entitled. About midnight, after the battle was all over, our army retreated to Nashville, eighteen miles, arriving there by the next morning, our enemy encircling the city with its forces.

Gen. Thomas recuperating his army, the battle of Nashville, Dec. 15th and 16th, followed, which practically destroyed the army under Gen. Hood, terminat-

ing the battling so far as the 125th was concerned, during the balance of our service.

We followed the army as far south as Huntsville, Ala., where we rested for some weeks.

We returned and were making our way toward Richmond and Petersburg, Va., but when at Blue Springs, East Tenn., we received information that Gen. Lee had surrendered his army to Gen. Grant, which all knew terminated the war.

I, with my Regt. 125th Ohio Inft. Vol., participated in twenty-five principal battles and smaller ones sufficient to make 100, and as all veterans with the experience well know, that it can never be told how we pass through such dangers and returned home with our lives.

The 4th A. C. was at once returned to Nashville and from there transported by rail and steamer to Texas, near the Rio Grande river, our southern boundary, for the reason a government had been established in the "Dominion" of Mexico, under Maximilian, which was by no means satisfactory to the United States government.

The authorities at Washington notified the emperor to withdraw his troops from the American continent, and it was done; Maximilian and two of his generals were executed and his government dispersed. This terminated all outside interference with the affairs of the United States during the Civil War.

We were soon all mustered out of the service and returned to our homes, the members of the 125th receiving their final discharges at Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 18th, 1865, I arriving at my home the next day.

I was with my company in all its duties, except one little battle; was wounded at the battle of Chicka-

mauga, in the charge of Missionary Ridge, Rocky Face Ridge, and in front of Atlanta, but none were severe and I did not leave my regiment.

The soldier who fired at me when near the crest at Missionary Ridge, and the one when we charged on the top of Rocky Face Ridge, could not believe it possible that he did not kill a Federal soldier, yet while it did seem miraculous, I was not seriously injured.

Had the soldier on Rocky Face Ridge fired one-quarter of a second later, I would have received the ball in the center of my breast.

I had two brothers in the service; one returned home safely; the other, 1st Lieut. John M. Jewell, Co. A, 7th Regt., Mo. Cav. Vol., lost his life in battle near Warrensburg, Mo., March 27th, 1862.

He was a Royal Arch mason and two of my other brothers were masons.

In the winter of 1865 and 1866 I was made a master mason in Ohio Lodge No. 199, which I have always very much regretted could not have been done prior to my enlistment. I became a member of the chapter and council in the city of Pueblo, Colo. I have filled all the principal offices in our lodge, including master and secretary. I have been a Methodist since prior to my enlistment in the service and have been a member of the official board of the M. E. church for many years. I was married in the state of Ohio, December 22nd, 1866; have one son only, who resides in Pueblo, is a mason and has taken the higher degrees, is a Knight Templar.

That I am a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and the associate orders is almost a sequel of my service in the army, and a copy of a card recently printed is herewith given, as to that part, which is done

with some modesty, but with the satisfaction that all of these little favors were handed to me without even a request on my part. It is as follows:

"J. Jewell, Co. I, 85th O. V. I.; 1st Sergt. Co. F, 125th O. V. I.; Judge Advocate and member Council of Administration, Dept. of Colorado and Wyoming, 1910-11; Judge Advocate, Daughters of Veterans, Dept. Colorado and Wyoming, 1911-12; P. Post Commander; Q. M. and Patriotic Instructor Pueblo Post No. 8, Pueblo, Colo.; Aide-de-Camp on Staff, Commander-in-Chief Van Sant; President Board of Commissioners, Colo. S. & S. Home, 1914-17, Monte Vista, Colo."

Politically, I voted for Stephen A. Douglas in 1860, Abraham Lincoln in 1864, and Woodrow Wilson in 1912, and I believe in a free government such as ours; to devotedly adhere to one party, right or wrong, will undermine the purity and justice of any country, if not cause its destruction.

Practically none who assail his brother for his political views could inform his neighbor, if his life be at stake, the principles upon which Democracy and Republicanism are founded, nor could they inform anyone the difference between a Republican and a Democrat; therefore it is well that "we be not bewitched, that we believe the truth to be false and falsehood to be the truth," but let our political views conform to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution and laws of the United States, faithfully standing by our country, right or wrong, for it is the best there is. If the law be wrong, change it.